

CAVALIER

FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER • 25 CENTS

I FLEW INTO
THE FUTURE

THE HOUSE
OF 500 GIRLS

WHERE
MILLIONAIRES
ROUGH IT

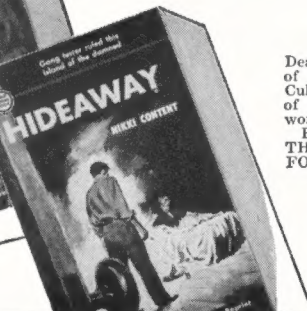
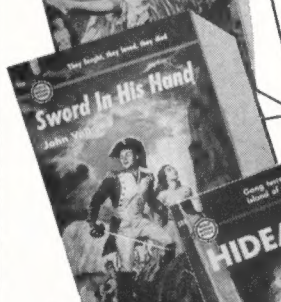
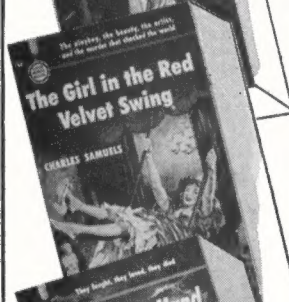
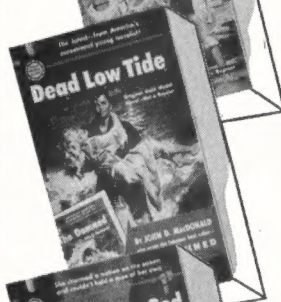
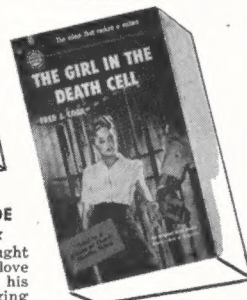
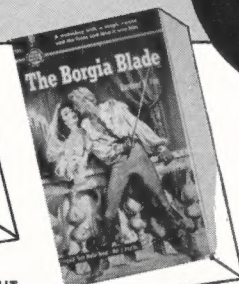
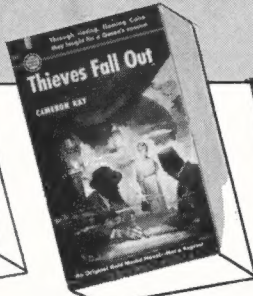
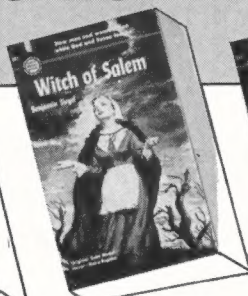
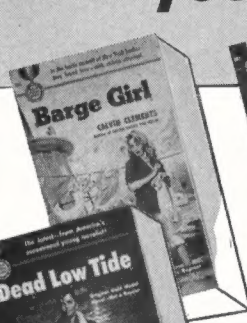
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CAVALIER

SEPTEMBER, 1953

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This Is Combat

Here is the most rugged story we have ever printed—and the best description of close combat we have ever read.—*The Editors*

by Lt. Col. Melvin B. Voorhees, U. S. Army

Illustrated by Norton Stewart

Perhaps you saw that picture of the young man sprawled in the dirt of Korea with his face mutilated and a wound in his side and with his outstretched hand mangled by angry cuts. But no, of course you didn't, because that was a picture General Headquarters in faraway Japan decided wouldn't be good for the public at home to see and so it wasn't released and maybe it was just as well that way.

Still, people who pay the bills and furnish the men to make possible such pictures ought to know something of what passed before the calm camera record was made, and possibly they would like to be told in a matter-of-fact and mild way; and if they wouldn't, well then they should be made to listen anyhow just once at least.

The young man whose last picture that was bore the name of—but then that's no matter because it would be meaningful to only a few people and already they've been told how he fought heroically and was a fine comrade and it doesn't matter to the rest who he was. But it does seem that they ought to know how that sort of thing can come upon a fellow soldiering away off in a peculiar country for a cause that's a little dim for him in its details.

When a conversation concerning him was going on back at Army Headquarters, Corporal Jim (Jim was his first name) didn't know a thing about it and wouldn't have known if he'd been listening, and neither did the Army Commander and his Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Operations know they were talking in any way whatever about Corporal Jim or his future.

"General," the Assistant Chief said, "I believe we should push up and seize this area lying in a triangle from DS2973 to DS4379 to DS3397," and with those letters and figures the Assistant Chief had indicated a huge plot of mountainland on a map under a military grid system with which any spot on the earth's surface can be located; but where Corporal Jim was then neither of the officers knew or needed to know and as to where he was according to that grid system Jim had not the slightest notion nor the least interest.

The Army Commander thought pretty well of the Assistant Chief's proposal, so he dropped in next door to see his Chief-of-Staff and suggested, "Let's get Ten Corps to move some of its people up in here about six miles," and of course he was pointing to a spot on a map. A Chief-of-Staff reacts right briskly to the wishes of an Army Commander and so this one, who was even more efficient and responsive than most, at once summoned the Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Intelligence and asked him, "What has the enemy got in this area?" and again a finger was laid on the triangular plot in the mountains where at that moment Jim was washing his spare drawers in a sparkling little stream and thinking of his young wife standing in line at the automatic laundry down the street with a bundle under her left arm and two-bits in her right hand, as he once had seen her.

The Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Intelligence said he had a lot of reasons to believe there [Continued on page 70]

"This is Combat" is an excerpt from "Korean Tales," the most controversial book to come out of the Korean War. The author, Lt. Col. Melvin B. Voorhees, was court martialed and dismissed from the service for refusal to obey an order directing him to withdraw the book from its publishers, Simon and Schuster. When CAVALIER went to press, the court's decision was being appealed.

Stewart

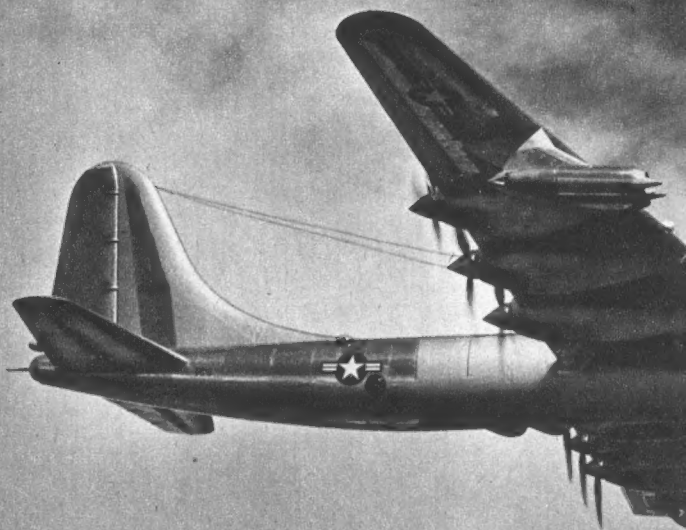
A CAVALIER SPECIAL





How high the B-36 has actually flown is a top secret, but this remarkable shot, taken at 30,000 feet, would be considered a closeup of the earth by B-36 altitude researchers.

WE FLY INTO



The Air Force's new Convair B-36



The Author

As far as high flying goes, us plain old folks ain't got out of knee pants yet.

My crew and I have looked down to see enormous distances on the ground and a slight curve to the earth. Well above Tucson, we've looked west to see the Pacific Ocean lapping at the California shore.

We've looked across Ohio and Indiana from high over Pittsburgh, to see the lowest crook of Lake Michigan. Covering that same distance on the ground by car would take a long, hard day and a couple speed tickets to go with it.

If a gigantic B-36 bomber were rolled out alone on LaGuardia Field runway, at the edge of New York City, we'd be able to see it warming up while circling far above Boston Common on a clear day.

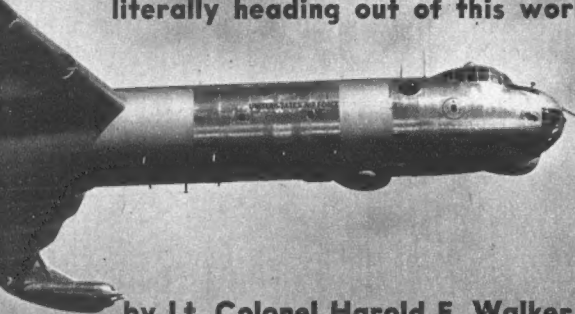
I've been taking up the whopping B-36 bomber a few thousand feet into the stratosphere as an Aircraft Commander at Carswell Air Force Base near Fort Worth. I've logged nearly 2,000 hours in the plane we call "The Magnesium Monster." Our work with it in the last few years has been filled with top security.

I guess some of us have been up over eight miles high more often than anybody else in the world. Except maybe Brooklyn Dodger fans. But, fact is, 40,000 to 50,000 feet is so low that 30 years from now they'll look back at 1953 as a laughable year in high flying. Just 30 years ago Billy Mitchell couldn't convince the Army that planes were worth messing around with. And the air age hasn't gotten out of kindergarten yet.

The apple is the best example of showing how far aviation has to go. Comparing the white fruit part with the

THE FUTURE

It takes guts, brains and fantastic skill to pull the stick back and hold it there—when it means that you're literally heading out of this world



by Lt. Colonel Harold E. Walker, USAF

earth itself and the red skin with the earth's thin layer of atmosphere, our planes have barely gotten off the ground. We're still trying to poke through the air skin around us.

Atmosphere, a gaseous layer, reaches out some 105,600 feet, protecting us from dead space. A bunch of girl scouts can cover that distance on the ground in about six hours, 40 minutes, counting a ten-minute break every hour to sniff flowers and identify trees. A dime subway ride in New York City covers the same distance, just going from Battery Park in Manhattan to Van Courtland Park in the Bronx. But going straight up, with all the problems of thinning air, jet planes have managed to climb about half that distance. About nine miles so far, in routine runs.

That's nothing. But compared to flying done by man and bird in the past, our recent baby steps into the stratospheric capping of the atmosphere have been jammed full of new outlooks.

First of all, thousands of feet over the earth, plane crews begin to lose age-old conceptions of ground shapes and colors. Through the haze, land below becomes dull tones of brown and tan, even with white snow or green grass. Great buildings and hills fade into flatness. The massive orange-painted San Francisco Bay Bridge isn't there any more. A mile-high Colorado mountain is as flat as the wheat fields in next door Kansas.

So many cities can be seen at once, it's hard to pick them out. They bunch up in the distance, running into each other. Dallas and Fort Worth, 30 miles apart, tickle the fool out of each other in their long-time feud. But from up around 45,000 feet out in west Texas, they seem like one big happy village.

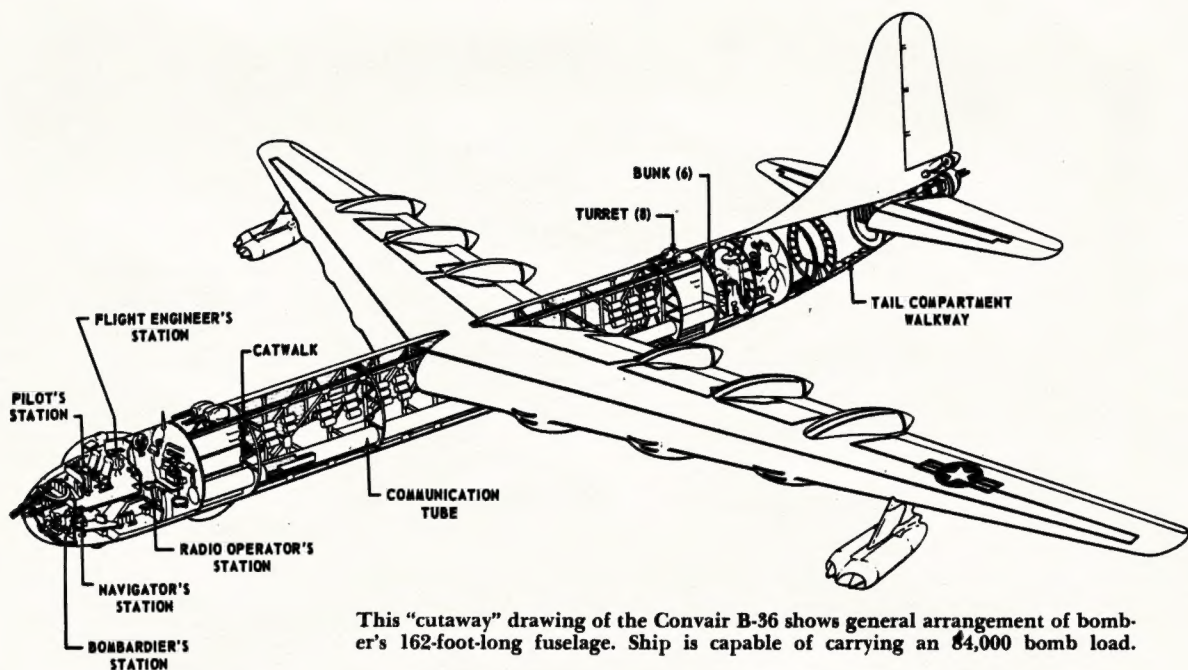
"Just goes to prove," said Major George Payne, one of



75-mile-long Cape Cod peninsula is filmed in a single picture made with new Air Force pendulum camera that can take a picture, horizon to horizon in a two-second swing.

The Air Force's "Frog John" suits are a must for high altitude flying. Oxygen feeds into the glass-faced head helmet and suit from a tube strapped to the left thigh.





This "cutaway" drawing of the Convair B-36 shows general arrangement of bomber's 162-foot-long fuselage. Ship is capable of carrying an 84,000 bomb load.

our best pilots, "all you got to do is stand a few miles off from an earthy feud and everybody looks alike."

Everything levels out below. There's a slight downward bend along horizon lines. It shapes up something like a limp flapjack flopped over the edges of a plate, if you closed one eye and looked at the plate from an inch away.

The ground begins to creep by at a slow pace. There's no real sense of speed. Pockets of isothermal disturbances bounce the plane in sudden, occasional jars. But the ride is generally smoother than 15,000 foot airline trips, because of the gentle push given by flowing jet engines.

Daytime is darker in the stratosphere than on ground. It's not easily noticed at first. Above, the sky is a purple-toned blue. The color becomes darker with height. Because the atmosphere thins out so much up there, moisture and dust particles aren't around to reflect sun rays. Air is cleaner. Less pollution the higher it goes.

Traveling at night makes ground location almost impossible by eye. Below, there's either total darkness or a blur of light hazes. Cities shine softly. Individual lights fade into one big glow that covers towns.

One thing about stratospheric flying, no one can ever go around humming that old New Orleans ballad: It's-not-so-much-the-heat-today-as-it-is-the-humidity. There's no humidity. Never is. Never any heat either. Temperatures pitch between 50 degrees below zero to around 110 below. Never a radical change.

It can be a sweltering summer's day of 100 degrees in St. Louis. The ball players in Sportsman's Park have to swallow a couple salt pills to stay on their feet. But 45,000 feet above, the temperature is likely to be 70 below zero—170 degrees colder. Just eight miles from the batter's box. Once in a great while, a cloud shows up in the lower stratosphere and sometimes there's a sickly snow flurry. But mostly it's that dark-blue sky, clear and cold. Bottom of the stratosphere drifts down from 50,000 feet over the Equator to about 25,000 over the poles. So, it's always colder over tropical regions than it is over ice country.

For three years I've been a combat crew pilot on one of the "monsters" the Air Force has been using to search out our newest world in the thin air. On one of the first practice bomb runs, we arched far on top of an overcast above a target in the Gulf of Mexico. We dumped our explosives

down from the stratosphere, smack over target. Below, a bewildered man was trying to find out:

"How many planes up there in that squadron anyway? Sure knocking hell out of things down here."

He never did believe it was just one big old bomber. The B-36 befits the big state of Texas where it's born and reared on the outskirts of Fort Worth. It's built in the biggest known assembly line on earth, and carries some of the biggest bombs to make the biggest holes in the world. It flies longer and higher than any other regular Air Force bomber. It's been flown over 48 hours at a stretch in tests. I've been up in the thin air for 40 hours at a time. I've sat at the controls for as much as 15 hours without getting out of the seat. Twelve hours is common.

Boredom pinches and stabs. Conversation is limited. Radio is used only when necessary. No word comes up from the ground. We're cut off from the world. Time weighs heavy.

One way we have of beating the long loneliness is by picking out cities and our home towns below. But it takes a lot of stratospheric flight hours before the eye is trained well enough to identify certain things. New crewmen have a hard time seeing mountains and large towns. Veterans can pick out their own homes, if they come from big cities.

Time after time, I've tried to find McLean, Illinois, where my folks live. But like a lot of farm towns, it blends right in with the trees and land. The houses dim from sight. Closest place to McLean I ever saw was Bloomington, 15 miles up Highway 66. And Bloomington, with 35,000 people is hard to see.

The best cure for boredom on our long flights are the eight bunks aboard, giving us a chance to use relief crews. There's a galley, complete with ice-box, two-burner stove and crew table. There are two latrines. Pre dug.

Our magnesium "monster" was the first plane in Air Force history to be delivered without almost complete testing. Because the stratosphere was new and still is, we've been doing our own test-hopping. Studying reactions. Learning as we go. Making changes. Convair, still testing and rebuilding, has been greatly aided by our small group of B-36 Air Force pilots who've been pioneering right along with the plane-makers. Even ahead of them.

A while back, one of our [Continued on page 65]

Necktie Party

Haunted by the fear of hanging, hunted by an angry sheriff, hated by a town—the Yankee fought for life. What was the passion that drove a strange southern girl to help him?

by Evan Hunter

Illustrated by George Meyers

The ground was soft and slippery, crawling up to my shin bone every time I took a step. All the noises of the swamp were around me, unfamiliar noises that banged at my numbed senses like sledge hammers. I thought of quicksand, and I thought of cottonmouths and moccasins. I bit my lower lip, every nerve tensed, my body tired and wet and cold. I stumbled forward, my trousers torn to the knee. I tripped over the long arching roots of a cypress, fell to my knees in icy water.

Behind me, I could hear the hounds echoing through the swamp. I got to my feet quickly, caught my breath, then staggered forward again.

"Follow Anchorage straight to the swamp," she'd said. "When you reach the swamp, get onto the ridge of land and stay on it. It'll take you straight to the shack. You can't miss it."

I looked down at the gooey, clinging mud she'd called a ridge and cursed. The moon hung against the blackness like a baleful eye. It lit the cypresses with a cold light; it cast deep shadows on the reeds in the water. I thought of that water again, and of the fangs that could be in a man before he knew what hit him.

I shivered against the cold, and against the sound of the damned dogs behind me—and I cursed the day I'd ever started for Florida. A man should know better than to take a week off from his business in the middle of the winter. I'd been tired, though, and I thought a little Florida sun would. . . .

I stumbled again, ripping skin this time, a gaping tear on my leg and long, deep scratches

I knew I should run, or leap, or do something—but all I could do was stand there, frozen, unable to move. And then Doris screamed.

G. Meyers



on my hands and arms. *Southern hospitality*, I thought. Come to Florida, playland by the sea.

Sure.

I'd been slapped with a manslaughter charge almost the instant I'd hit Florida. I'd spent part of a night in a crummy jail, and now I was playing tag with reptiles and dogs. A great vacation. A wonderful cure for what bothers you.

It bothered me.

It bothered me a hell of a lot. Those bastards were ready to throw the book at me. I'd run down a local son, they thought, and that was reason enough for a necktie party. Except I hadn't run him down. My headlights had picked him out lying on the road, and I'd jammed on my brakes about 10 feet from him. If they'd had any eyes, they'd have seen he was still about two feet from my front bumper when they arrived on the scene.

They should have realized, too, that this was obviously not a hit and run. I'd stopped my car, and then hailed the next one that passed, sending the driver for the local *gendarmes*. A guilty man doesn't go out of his way to make sure he's hanged.

What I hadn't counted on was the number of people who returned with the sheriff. They weren't looking for reasons to excuse me, not with that light in their eyes. A good friend of theirs was lying in the road with his head like a squashed tomato. That was enough for them. They'd probably have strung me from the nearest tree if the sheriff hadn't insisted on taking me to the local caboose. And a smart move, too. He wasn't going to risk his hide by skipping the legal motions. Time enough for the fun later. They were all after a neck they could stretch, and mine was 15½.

All except the girl.

There hadn't been any light in her eyes, just a nice warm look. That, and the soft glow of her blonde hair as she stood outside my cell in the ant-trap they called a jail.

I thought of her again, and then I stopped thinking because the tarpaper shack was dead ahead of me.

There was no light showing. The shack looked more like an outhouse, and I wondered why the hell anyone would put any kind of a building in the middle of this godforsaken swamp. I decided not to look a gift house in the mouth. I splashed my way over to it, grabbing the rusted handle on the door and pulling. It was locked.

"It's me," I said, my voice softly urgent. "Open up."

"Yankee?" Her voice held a faint Southern accent, and it made me feel like a Union spy in a Grade C melodrama. I hadn't even noticed the accent when she'd popped up at the jail less than an hour ago, shortly after the sheriff and his boys had gone down for another look at the car. She'd slipped me the key, and then took off, leaving me to stare at the cockroaches on the damp, grey walls. The sheriff had left only an old man to guard the Bastille, and he was sitting in the front room with a comic book on his lap. I'd opened the jail door, sneaked up behind the old man, and popped him on the head gently, just enough to put him out of action while I found my way to Anchorage Street and the swamp.

"Yankee?" the girl repeated, her voice a little louder.

"Yes," I answered, "this is the Yankee."

I felt foolish as hell, but the words opened the door for me. She pulled me inside, slamming the door behind me and bolting it. I wanted to say, "President Lincoln sent me. Do you have the plans?"

Instead, I said, "My name's Bart Merriam. We can drop the blue and the grey."

"All right," the girl said. She was wearing a white sweater that covered her like a cocoon. Her skirt had tangled with the swamp, and her bare legs showed through the tatters, long and tanned in the moonlight.

I studied her and then I asked, "What's it all about?"

She turned to face me, her shoulder-length hair swirling with the sudden movement. There were deep shadows on her face. "Do they know you're gone?"

"Sister," I said, "the entire state of Florida knows I'm gone. Anybody old enough to carry a gun, and not too old to walk, is out there behind me. You didn't expect me to break jail without them knowing about it, did you?"

She shook her head. "I wasn't thinking, I guess."

"Now tell me why," I said.

"Why what?"

"Why hand a perfect stranger the key to his cell? Why risk becoming accessory after the fact? And while I'm asking, where'd you get the key?"

"Listen!" she whispered.

From far across the swamp I could hear the hounds bay-ing. It was just a matter of time until they came pawing into the shack. We listened to them in silence. When you're on the other end of it, the sound can be a terrifying one.

We'll have to get out of here," she said. "I didn't think they'd use dogs." Her head was cocked to one side as she listened, a strange, thoughtful expression on her face.

"We'll go," I said, "but first tell me—"

"I know you didn't kill Jed," she said in a rush.

"Was that his name? Who *did* kill him?"

"I don't know. But he was dead long before your car came along."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him. His . . . his face had been . . . smashed in. He was dead."

"Where was this?"

She hesitated, listening to the dogs again.

"On the road?" I prompted. "Was that where?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"At . . . at my house. He was lying on the floor. His face . . . he was all bloody. I screamed, I think, yes. I screamed and I ran."

"When was this?"

"About an hour before they accused you of running him down."

My mouth fell open a little bit. She'd known all this, and she'd helped me escape. But why in hell hadn't she simply— A new idea struck me. "What was this Jed doing at your house?"

"I don't know. He was just there."

I shrugged that one off, passed my hand through my hair.

"Listen," I said, "I appreciate all you've done—but why didn't you go straight to the police with your story? If you'd told them what you saw, I wouldn't be running a foot race with the K-9 corps right now."

"We'd better go now," she said, evading my question.

"I think I'll stay," I told her.

"What?"

"Running isn't going to help. I should have realized that before I broke out of that crackerbox. They'll get me in the long run, and it'll only be worse for me."

"You don't know what you're saying. Do you know who's after you back there? Do you have any idea?"

"The sheriff, I guess. Or whatever you call your local Sherlock."

She nodded knowingly. "The *sheriff* is right. And they call him Hangin' Mann. He doesn't hang wallpaper."

The dogs were closer now, too close. From the uproar they were making, I figured there were at least three or four of them. And all you need is *one* with a good nose.

"Are you coming?" she asked.

I gave one last listen to the dogs, and then I said, "Let's go."

She walked to the door quickly, opening it and peering outside. The dogs sounded much louder—and much closer. She took my hand and yanked me into the darkness. I felt the water close over my legs, and I shivered. I'd never been bitten by a snake. Chances are, it wouldn't be such a horrible thing, after all. But if I was going to be snake food, I wanted to see it coming. I couldn't stand the thought of walking blindfold into a pair of waiting jaws.

The girl knew the swamp like her own body. We splashed through cold water for three or four minutes, then she pulled me up onto a narrow wedge of land that ran windingly through the trees. I felt a lot better on dry land, until I thought of the dogs behind us.

"What's your plan?" I asked. "How do you expect to shake them?"

"They'll think we're heading for the highway," she explained. "Anyone cutting through the swamp usually heads for the highway. Instead, we'll double back and make for town. You can pick up your car and get out of here and forget all about it."

"Just like that."

"Yes."

I doubted that strongly, especially after what she'd said about the sheriff. But I'd certainly stand a better chance fighting this in a court than I would at the business end of a hangrope. "What about you?" I asked.

"Don't worry about me."

We were half-running now, my hand still in hers. I couldn't see the ground we were running on, and I kept thinking the next step would send me into the water. The noise behind us reached a loud peak, and I could hear the voices of men joining in with the hounds.

"They've probably found the shack," she explained. "We'd better hurry."

"When do we start doubling back?"

"Soon. I want them to find our trail first."

"You're forgetting the small fact that they've got dogs, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not. Once we take to the water—"

"The water! Listen, I don't like—"

"There's a canoe," she said. "You'll see."

I began to wonder how she knew the swamp so well, and why there'd be a canoe here. That brought me back to wondering why there'd be a shack here—and that brought me right up the front steps of the booby hatch with one hand on the door knocker.

We kept pushing ahead, the swamp a dark, menacing thing. Insects crawled and bit, and the growing things tore at our clothing, reaching out for us with gnarled, twisted fingers. My clothes were soaked with muckish water and perspiration. I kept thinking this wasn't happening to me, that I'd somehow gotten mixed up in another guy's dream. I kept praying for the guy to wake up.

"Hey," I said, "I don't even know your name." It sounded foolish, coming out like that. I mean, who bothers with introductions in the middle of the swamp, with a pack of bloodhounds ready to rip out your throat.

She answered without hesitation, though. "Doris."

"Doris what?"

"Doris Mann."

It didn't penetrate for a second, and when it did, I almost fell into the water. "Mann? You're not any relation to—the sheriff, are you?"

She kept running, and she didn't miss a step. "Yes," she said evenly. "He's my husband."

"What!" I pulled up short, yanking my hand from hers. "Your husband? Then why the hell didn't you tell him the truth?"

"I was afraid—" Her words erupted

into a short scream. I heard the sound of air escaping a tire, but it was no automobile. Her hand tightened around mine, and she backed up against me. The escaping air got louder, and I realized what it was just about the same time she whispered, "Cottonmouth!"

I stood there, frozen, looking into the darkness. The hackles on the back of my neck rose, and a chill chiseled its way down my spine. We waited, neither of us speaking. I could feel the sweat oozing down the side of my face, trickling down my neck, wetting the collar of my shirt. I knew I should run, or fall, or roll over, or do something—but all I could do was stand there, frozen, unable to move.

And then Doris screamed, and there was real pain behind it. There was a quick flicker of movement in the thick bushes, followed by an almost soundless splash as the snake slithered into the water.

"My leg," Doris moaned. "Help me!" She leaned back against me, her hand trembling on my arm. "Oh, God, it hurts."

She dropped to the ground, pulling up her torn skirt, exposing her long, curved legs, exposing the silken beginnings of the underwear that hugged her skin. I dropped to my knees, my hands trembling. I wanted to cry because I didn't know what to do, and I wanted to laugh at the same time because the whole situation was like something out of a Dali painting.

She moved quickly. Her hands went to the side of her skirt, undid a safety pin there. She handed the pin to me and said, "Slash it and draw out the venom. Quick, Yankee!"

Her hand brought my fingers to the bite. I felt the smooth curve of her leg stop abruptly where the lump was beginning to rise on her calf. I stabbed [Continued on page 76]



The door opened and the Sheriff stood in the doorway, a carbine in his big hands. "Steve!" Doris exclaimed. "Stay put," he said.



Bernard (holding light meter) works patiently for the right mood. Here, actress Val Njord does a film for TV.

Just a slight change of expression would be enough to destroy the mood set here by model Lorraine Crawford.

PIN-UP KING

Sex alone won't do it. You've got to use psychology and just a touch of genius to create the perfect pin-up

Bernard is Hollywood's top glamour photographer. He became "King of the Pin-ups" by creating more and better shots of this kind than his competitors.

The difference between the crude "cheesecake" shot and a good pin-up is quite obvious, according to Bernard. One is a vulgar display of flesh, the other has the charm of personality radiating from a beautiful woman. It's beauty plus.

How do you get a girl to give with the personality, instead of just posing? "Simple," answers Bernard. "Tell her you're going to prove that she's the 'fairest in the land.' There'll be an immediate glow. She'll pose with infinite patience and will do anything to help you get a good picture—from going through contortions on dangerous cliffs to reclining on burning desert sand.

"Shooting pin-ups isn't art, of course, but it is honest commercial art," says Bernard. "It requires artistic ability, sound craftsmanship, and professional integrity."



Getting away from the usual pin-up pose
Bernard picks a winner with Joanne Arnold.





Here, Bernard portrays Yvonne deCarlo as a sophisticated sweater girl. Generally, she is seen in exotic poses.

Concentrating mainly on the legs, Bernard also relies on Mara Corday's eyes and mouth to complete the mood.

Curved body lines in contrast with straight lines of pylons and horizon give Judy Landon a special vitality.





Linda Darnell and many other top-flight Hollywood stars rely on Bernard for exceptional portraits every year.

Elli Marshall and Bernard demonstrate that an impish pose can reflect charm when it's handled the right way.

Diagonal composition, soft tones and the grace of actress Jane Greer made this one of Bernard's best known pin-ups.





Above, 20 centuries of death and mud have not robbed this Tollund man of his looks. He was found by scientists in a Danish bog—eyes shut, brows wrinkled, mouth closed.

Murder Will Out:

by Aleko Lilius

One spring afternoon last year, there was excitement in a tavern of the Danish village of Grauballe in the province of Jutland. Several men clustered about a farmhand who, perspiring and stuttering with emotion, was trying to tell them that he had just found a corpse—its head bashed in and its throat cut. He had been cutting peat in the small, old bog on the Silkeborg meadows, when he stumbled on the head of the murdered man.

The villagers wondered who the dead man might be, but the farmhand insisted it wasn't anyone he knew, no one he had seen around the village. It had to be a stranger, perhaps a traveller who had been robbed and killed. So the men hurriedly finished their ales and went to the village constable's office.

With the constable in the lead, the procession soon reached the spot where the corpse had been discovered. It lay there exactly as the farmhand had described it.

While the crowd stood silently watching the grisly scene, the constable examined the gaping hole on top of the dead man's head, the hair a clotted mass, the throat cruelly slit. Half of the face had been bashed in. The dead man had bushy eyebrows and a thick beard stubble on his chin.

The big mystery of the Tollund man, below, is the leather noose around his neck. His calm expression belies hanging.



After 2,000 Years

These men were knocked off in 48 B.C.

Here are their bodies—so perfectly preserved it could have happened yesterday, so intact police thought they had a fresh case of homicide

"The man is a stranger, all right," someone in the crowd remarked. "As dark as a sunburned Gypsy."

The corpse was exceptionally well-preserved. Strangely enough, no nauseating odor of death emanated from it. He could not have been dead long, was the general conclusion.

"Could be a member of a Tzigany band moving through this country side. A rival suitor done in, perhaps. Let's rope them in," the town's tavern keeper said.

The constable shook his head. No, he knew every Gypsy in the district by sight.

"What about calling the coroner?" suggested Hans, the blacksmith.

So leaving a guard by the corpse, the constable went to telephone the coroner, Professor Glob of the local university in Aarhus. Hearing the details of the crime, the doctor became so excited that the constable couldn't help wondering if perhaps he had known the dead man.

Dr. Glob raced his car down to the Grauballe bog and immediately proceeded to examine the corpse—oblivious to the gathered [Continued on page 72]



The Grauballe man, above, was killed by a blow on the head; his throat was slit later. Below, the 2,000-year-old body is rolled into Aarhus hospital for a belated autopsy.

Dr. Munck, shown performing the autopsy, found the internal organs of the Grauballe man intact. Brain was shrunk.



Drinking isn't the problem, but holding your liquor is. Be smart! Learn the simple rules for being stimulated and sober at the same time

The sage Toots Shor, who knows as much about practical drinking as any man in the United States, has a quaint saying:

"Whiskey can get you drunk—cocktails can get you numb."

Mr. Shor, the stout owner of a well-known New York restaurant which probably serves as much liquor per capita as any saloon in the country, is one of the authorities we consulted in the important matter of how to hold your liquor.

With 70,000,000 Americans drinking, of whom 4,000,000 hit the bottle to excess, the question of intelligent drinking is one that no man can afford to ignore. What are the key points to watch for?

Every expert, from the Yale School of Alcoholic Studies down to a skid-row bartender, will tell you that food in the stomach is a must for stable drinking. When a man deteriorates into a hopeless alcoholic, he neglects food—and that's the end of the road for him.

Certain foods are better than others for the purpose of absorbing alcohol. Cream, butter, greasy foods, lots of milk, are excellent.

"Alcohol is absorbed much more rapidly . . . when it is taken on an empty stomach," says Joseph Hirsh, associate of the National Research Council and Executive Secretary of its Committee on Problems of Alcohol. In his book, *Alcohol Education*, he says, "Relatively small amounts of alcohol are absorbed if food is in the stomach, particularly fatty foods."

And, if you eat while drinking, the chances are that you will last from the start to the finish of the most hectic evening. Anybody who has attended a smorgasbord jamboree recalls that he consumed more and harder liquor than ever before in his life, and yet remained conscious until curfew. The reason, naturally, was the steady attention to the food.

Scandinavians and Russians have this trick down pat. In Sweden, they are so aware of the necessity for food that you are not allowed to purchase liquor in a bar or restaurant without ordering solids. New York State has a tavern law stating that food must be served on the premises. Apparently, however, it does not have to be served with

the drinks. So it does not accomplish its purpose.

Some business men and professional people who must drink as part of their jobs, strive to stave off wooziness by swallowing mineral oil, olive oil, or milk prior to the affair. The old Romans thought that if you mixed wine with ginger, pepper and various spices you would avoid accidents in your chariot on the way home. Many believed that the wearing of laurel wreaths would prevent drunkenness. All that occurred in this last instance was that the boys passed out to the odor of attar of roses.

"Drinking is an art," declares Dick Andrew, a veteran bartender at Toot Shor's, and a man who has served the best guzzlers in his day. "You either know how or you don't, and some people never learn."

From observing admiringly such experts as the late Mark Hellinger and other long-distance drinkers, Andrew is a strong believer in the value of proper pacing. Dr. Chauncey Leake, one of the nation's leading pharmacologists, disclosed an excellent formula in this regard at a recent medical gathering in Texas.

"If you are drinking to achieve what you consider a state of relaxation, then consume each hour after the first hour, just one-fifth of what you drank the first hour," Dr. Leake suggested.

This means that if you drink five drinks the first hour, you will not go overboard if you consume one drink an hour thereafter. But remember that what makes the next man happy will not necessarily make you happy. His tempo might make you drunk.

"Because people burn alcohol at different rates," says one noted New York physician, "one man may achieve a blood-and-brain drunken level with five drinks—the next man needs only three. So you can't compare yourself to somebody sitting next to you and drinking."

You may not know, for example, just how much food he has had in his system and at which rate he burns alcohol. That is why drinking is such an individual problem that each man must learn his own tolerance. Be able to say "no" to a friend, if your tolerance is not as good [Continued on page 56]



Ten Tips on Drinking

by Paul Gardner

HERE'S HOW

Whenever you expect to meet up with liquor, remember:

1. Line your stomach properly. Cream, butter, greasy foods are excellent for slowing up the absorption of alcohol into the system.
2. Eat while you drink. Scandinavians and Russians have this trick down pat, which is why they are known the world over to have such a capacity for hard drinking.
3. Pace yourself. If you drink five drinks the first hour, you won't go overboard if you stick to one drink per hour thereafter.
4. Learn something about liquor content. Every drink has a different alcohol percentage, especially if it's imported stuff you go for.
5. Do not mix your drinks. This rule is sound not because of any difference in the content of the alcohol, but because of the varying mixtures which may go into a scotch and soda, a rye, etc.
6. Do not drink right after heavy exercise. If you do you are apt to get drunk more quickly because the body has lost a lot of water as a result of sweating.
7. Consider your weight and health. The big man has more water in him with which to dilute the liquor he imbibes than the small man.
8. Dilute your drinks. Drink highballs instead of cocktails, the liquor content is less. And keep away from straight shots if you want to keep ahead of the game.
9. Stay away from highballs with sweet mixtures added. It's the sweet stuff that causes the stomach aches.
10. Be tranquil when you start drinking. If you drink heavily when you're worried, you'll never forget the morning after.



Primo Carnera, still a powerhouse at 46, starts Mr. America off on an airplane spin that ended with a vicious body slam.

Carnera: The Giant Comes Back

The racketeers found him in a side show, made him champ, then junked him in a hospital—a broken-down bum. But today Primo is once again a ring star and the jackals are gone

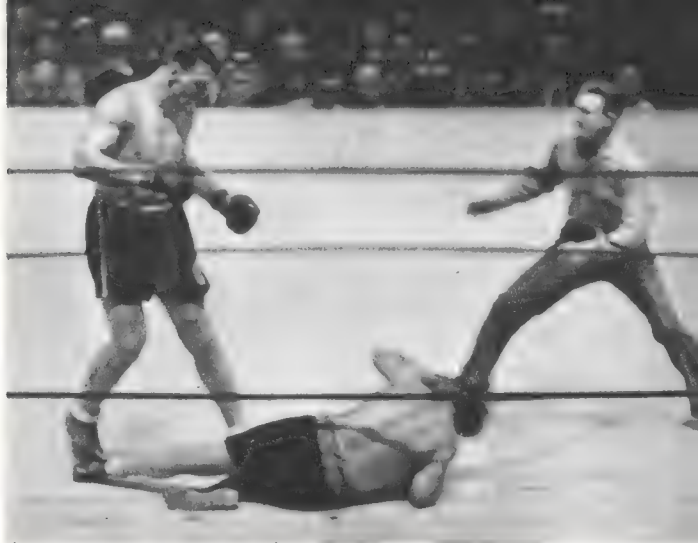
by Allen Churchill

The ring shook as the giant jarred his smaller but brawny opponent with a body slam. Then the Madison Square Garden crowd came to its feet screaming as the big man lifted his groggy opponent from the mat and swung him over his head. For a second he held him there and smiled as the cry, "Pin 'im, Preem! Pin 'im!" swept up through the ropes. Then he slammed his man down and pounced on him, his enormous bulk forcing the other's shoulders to the mat. The referee put his nose close to the canvas, slapped his hand down . . . once . . . twice . . . three times.

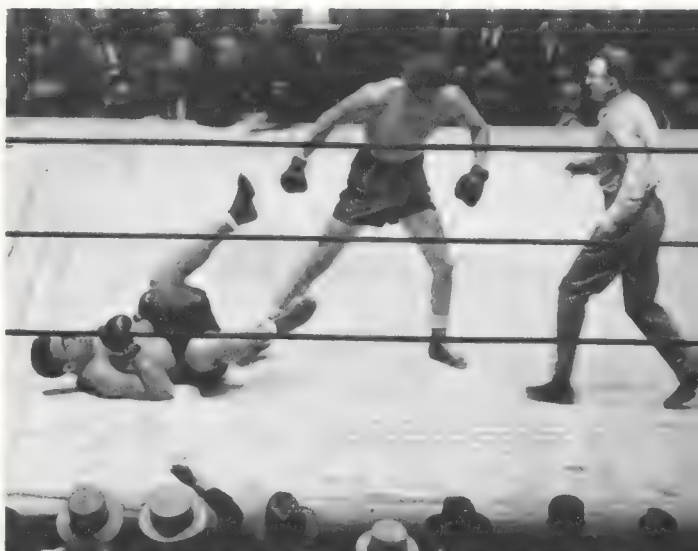
The crowd went absolutely crazy as Primo Carnera sprang to his feet with his hands clasped in the classic victory gesture. With every new roar the grin on his wide face got bigger. Looking up at him from ringside, you'd almost think that this was his first victory in Madison Square.

But, of course, it wasn't. This was 1953 and 20 years before the Italian giant had won the world's heavy-weight boxing championship in that very ring. The victory he had just scored couldn't be compared to that past honor—but you couldn't prove that by the look on Primo's beaming face. And there was a good reason for that pleased-with-the-world look. Now Primo knew what he was doing. Now Primo was getting to keep and enjoy his rightful share of the gate receipts. Now Primo was his own man. Before? Before it had been a lot different.

He'd been a bewildered kid then, handed from one hustler to the next, knowing that something was wrong, that not even his great strength could put that fear-

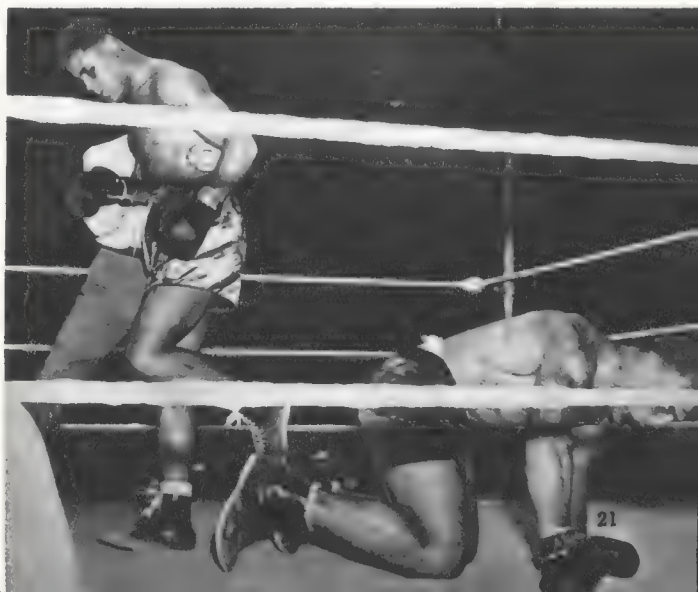


In 1933 Carnera surprised the world by winning the heavy-weight title from Jack Sharkey with a sixth-round knockout.



A year later Max Baer, the first big-timer Primo fought as champ, floored him 10 times. The ref stopped it in the 11th.

Then Joe Louis battered Carnera into a bloody hulk and The Mob and fans greased the skids for the bewildered giant.





Carnera never had much luck with his footwork as a boxer, but here he shows Mr. America that things have changed.

Primo has a moment of agony as Kurt Zehe works on his thumb, but he went on to whip the 7-foot German grappler.



crazed look into the eyes of so many of his opponents, knowing that there was something evil about the men who handled his affairs—but never sure what it was.

After the last of the wrestling crowd is out of the Garden, the huge man sits on the edge of a rubbing table and talks about it. His heavy, well-formed face has a puzzled look on it as he thinks back. But he gives out with a friendly grin. "I was just a punko kid then," he says. "Wha' the hell could I do about it? Sometimes I even felt like there was a gun pointed at my own head."

He was going back only 20 years as he talked, but that was an unusual era in the fight game. It was a time when fight managers who had attended Oxford connived with others who had been educated at Sing Sing—a time when it was possible to build a phony champ and make no less than three million bucks on him. And out of that, give the champ a little more than walking-around money. Why not? He didn't know any better.

Such a set-up required an unusual type of fall guy. From the beginning Carnera seemed made for that role.

At his birth, in Sequals, northern Italy, on October 26, 1906, he weighed 22 pounds, three times as much as the average infant. He continued to grow at that phenomenal rate, assisted by the fact that the local doctors recommended a diet of five pounds of horsemeat a day for the growing super-boy. Primo's father was a sizable fellow himself—a stonemason who stood six-two. At 14 after Primo had outgrown the old man's clothes, Pappa Carnera called him into the kitchen. "I can't feed you any more," he said. "You'll have to get a job in a circus."

Primo did. Four years later the kid, now six-six and 275 pounds, was wrestling all comers in a traveling circus. One performance was watched by Paul Journee, a French heavy-weight who had fought in the United States. The sharp-eyed Journee immediately noticed what medical men later marveled at—that Carnera, though a giant, is no freak. He's massive, but built in excellent proportion, with reflexes unusual in so big a guy.

Like all Frenchmen, Journee was interested in a franc. He sauntered over to the young wrestler and tossed a fast *parlez-vous* at him. He found a lonely, friendless youngster who was only too anxious to respond. After winning Carnera's friendship, Journee wrote to friends in the United States, offering to train the young mountain and send him over a fighter. The refusals poured back with the same common complaint—the giant would eat too much.

So Journee went to Leon See, the top man in European boxing circles. See was an Oxford-educated Frenchman who dressed like a middle-aged dandy in an Ernst Lubitsch film. He sported an authentic Legion of Honor, but his mind was stuffed with things he had never learned at Oxford. He is still remembered around New York as a rascal who never had money to pay hotel bills, but always demanded the utmost in service.

See immediately detected possibilities in Carnera. First he got the young giant's scrawl on something resembling a contract. Then, while Journee taught the massive youth boxing, See made plans to take him to London. By the time Carnera was ready, the build-up had begun. Primo spoke no English, but See taught him to answer questions by rote. On radio programs See would ask, "Primo, how old are you?" "Two hundred and seventy-five," Primo answered, grinning.

See stopped at nothing. While Carnera was clumsily mulling questions on the radio, a biography of him appeared on newsstands. As a foreword there appeared a high-flown letter from Primo to the author of the book. It read

Dear Lewis,

A friend of mine has been cursing this book of yours. Don't get alarmed—nothing detrimental to yourself. I received the copy by this afternoon's post. Then I sat down in an armchair and began to read.

Of course, I had to read it through. When I reached

the last page, I glanced at my watch. I had forgotten all about the appointment! I was half an hour late! I found my friend kicking his heels. Naturally, he wanted an explanation of my unpunctuality. I told him that I had been reading my own biography. As a matter of course, he cursed the book most forcibly. Never mind, I am sending him a copy to mollify him. . . .

Young Carnera was also fighting—for which, according to rumor, he was paid by See in trinkets under a very blue light. But one night, one of these fights put Primo on the rocky road to the world's championship.

Matched with Young Stribling, he was watched from a ringside seat by a New York character named Good Time Charlie Friedman. If Charlie had ever gone to college, he might have been America's Leon See. As it was, he did the best he could.

In 1929, Good Time Charlie and his friends back in New York faced a problem. Prohibition was still in force, but plainly it couldn't last. Tough gangster and beer-baron Owney Madden, one of Charlie's top pals, was already worrying about Repeal. Owney was tied in with prizefighting through a henchman named Bill Duffy, who claimed to be a fight manager but was more of a fixer.

Watching the towering Carnera fight, fruitful thoughts filled Good Time Charlie's mind. With Madden's mob prestige and Duffy's fixing—why you could clean up with a giant like Carnera.

After the fight, he edged over to Leon See. "Why don't you bring the monster to the U.S.A.?" he suggested. Leon sat up. His mind had been kicking that move-around. Hearing someone else put the thought into words clinched it.

Primo and Leon arrived in America on Dec. 19, 1929 and the ballyhoo began.

At the time Carnera's only claims to fame were his size and a fistful of dubious fights, yet people swarmed to hail him as he rode triumphantly up Broadway. "Only Grover Whalen was missing," says one contemporary account. Newspapermen beat brains to coin names for him. Among them were the Ambling Alp, the Vast Venetian, the Tall Tower of Gorgonzola, the Muscle Merchant of Venice, and finally the one that stuck—Da Preem.

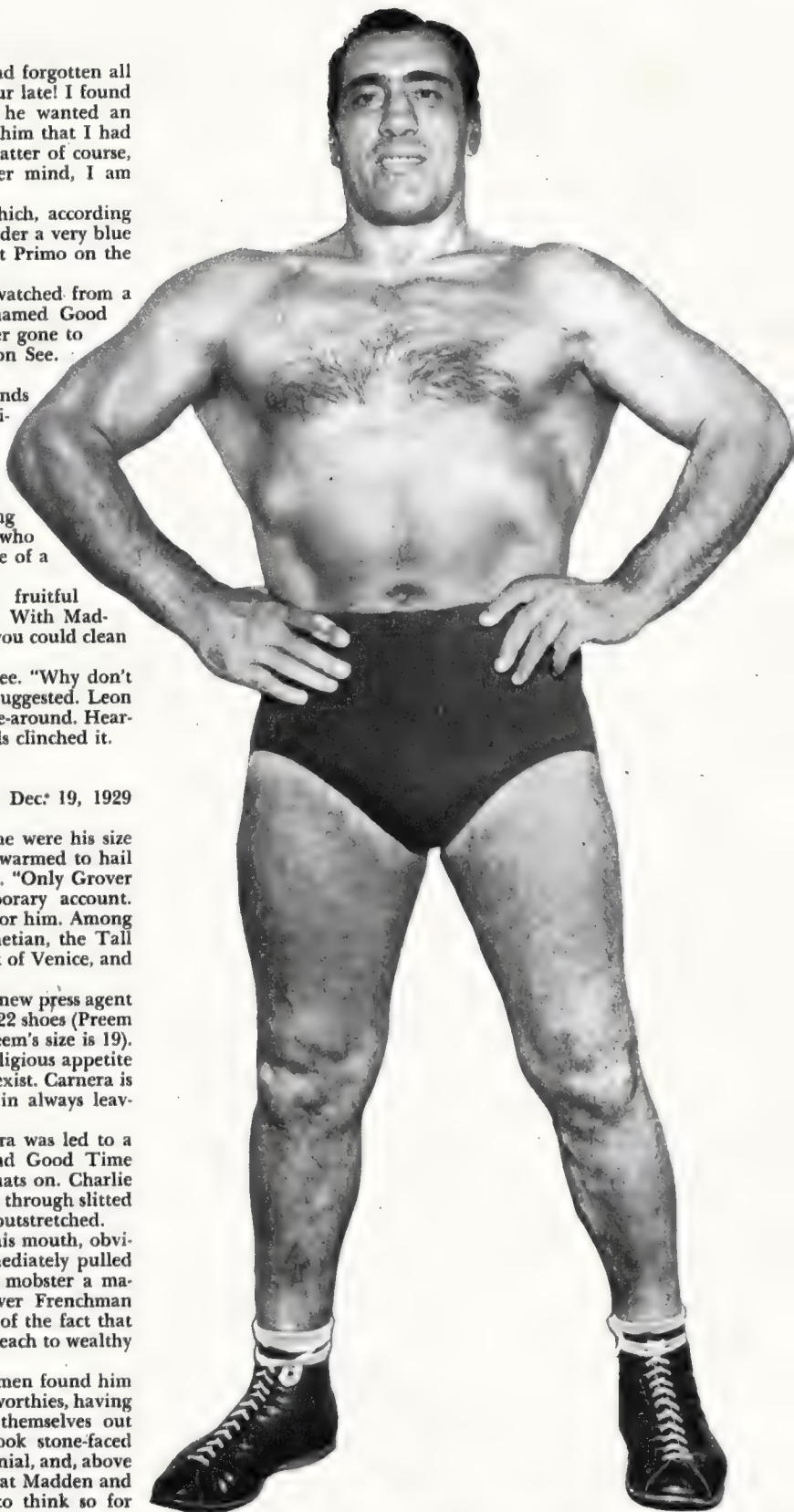
Where the newspapers left off, Leon See's new press agent took over. He filled store windows with size 22 shoes (Preem actually takes a 13) and size 26 collars (Preem's size is 19). He also gave out stories of the fighter's prodigious appetite—an appetite, incidentally, which does not exist. Carnera is strangely indifferent to food and believes in always leaving the table a little hungry.

At the end of the Broadway ride, Carnera was led to a hotel suite where Madden, Bill Duffy, and Good Time Charlie were waiting, all three with their hats on. Charlie did the honors, and after scrutinizing Preem through slitted eyes, Madden stepped forward with hand outstretched.

"Hiya, punk," he said out of the side of his mouth, obviously impressed. Seeing this, Leon See immediately pulled him into another room where he sold the mobster a majority percentage of the fighter. The clever Frenchman neglected to inform the delighted Madden of the fact that he had already sold 10 shares of 10 per cent each to wealthy Frenchmen.

Back in the room with Carnera, the two men found him surrounded by Owney's bodyguards. These worthies, having noted the boss's approval, were putting themselves out to be nice. Preem's pictures make him look stone-faced and menacing, but actually he is friendly, genial, and, above all, trusting. He had no reason to believe that Madden and his hoods weren't friends. He continued to think so for seven long years.

Madden wasted no time in setting his puppet fighter to work. In a few days Preem fought [Continued on page 60]



Rugged and fit, Primo today weighs in at 275 lbs., the same as he did when he fought for the heavyweight championship.



TALE OF THE ATOMIC PICKPOCKET

He had the heart of a hero and the hand of a thief.

Police called him Harry the Heft;

What the Reds called him couldn't be printed.

by James Hudson

Illustrated by Bill Fleming

Harry rode the crowded subway, plying his trade and little dreaming that he might become a hero. He was having terrible luck. It was enough to make a man lose his nerve and cause his fingers to tremble at a critical moment. And, of course, if Harry's sensitive fingers faltered just as he was in the process of inventorying the contents of some six-footer's pockets, at best it would mean Bellevue Hospital, then prison; at worst, he could become just another vital statistic.

Harry had long ago mastered his art, and crowded subways were a cinch. It was in crowded subways that he had served his long apprenticeship under the great Bakelwitz. In those days, during the height of Bakelwitz' career, his pupils had fondly dubbed him the "Magnet," such affinity did his fingers have for concealed valuables. It was legendary among his students how once the Magnet had lifted a diamond tiara from the head of Mrs. Roxley Faingeist III without disarranging a single hair of her elegant coiffure. But poor Bakelwitz had grown ambitious. His downfall had come when, disguised as a doorman at the St. Moritz, he had removed a prized brooch holding together certain vital folds of Mrs. Bixby Rutherford Jr.'s dress.

Seeing his mistake, Bakelwitz had tried quickly to substitute an ordinary safety pin; but, alas his old injury—a bad hangnail—had acted up on him and he had fumbled, causing him to gouge Mrs. Bixby Rutherford Jr. with the clumsiness of a rank amateur.

Remembering Bakelwitz, Harry cursed his luck

more vehemently. He was born too late, it seemed. The day of the great artist was over. The Mrs. Bixby Rutherford Jr.'s of this ersatz age wore rhinestones, and the Mrs. Roxley Faingeist III's seldom ventured to the opera. In this era of crudity and force, the prizes all went to agile young burglars with tennis shoes or tough illiterates with guns. He, Harry the Heft, greatest pickpocket in all Manhattan, now was forced to work the subway circuit!

It was small consolation to him that this was partly his fault, that it was because he, like the great Bakelwitz before him, had grown ambitious. It happened the last time he was at the track. He had grown tired of the sure things, the protruding wallets which, when lifted, produced a host of snapshots, a four-leaf clover—for luck—and just enough dollar bills to cover expenses. Harry was ready for a long-shot.

He came across one at the Terrace Bar, a man who, by his tailored clothes and diamond jewelry, presented himself to the world as an owner. This long-shot (this owner, or actor) was standing at the bar discussing another long-shot, a horse, with a friend who displayed a moustache but no jewels.

That season hunting had been so poor that it had been a long time since Harry had tried the most difficult of all maneuvers which members of his profession were called upon to execute. By dint of its complications and danger, it was comparable to the Immelmann Turn practiced by the most veteran fliers. This is the maneuver which, when successful, extracts the contents of the inner

Harry went directly to the heart of the problem, the man's hip pocket—but instead of a wallet he found a strange hand there.

breast pocket of the game without detection, even when that game is located in fairly sparse terrain. To meet success with it, one needs all the skill of a man who is able to stalk ducks without benefit of blind or decoy. But Harry hesitated only a moment; then, filled with resolve, he approached the two men and tried to sell them a program.

"No. What's the matter with you? I have a program," exclaimed the man who, a moment before, also possessed a pigskin wallet.

Harry stalled. "I just thought the gentleman might like another one."

He knew, at that moment, he should make a strategic withdrawal, and be satisfied with the wallet which now was cradled in his loose left sleeve. But unhappily his appraising eyes had fallen upon the owner's watch. It was thin, expensive, and equipped with a handsome cloth band which was child's play to sever. Persisting in his sales talk, Harry was working on it with a razor blade when the man suddenly reached for his Scotch and soda.

"What the hell!" screamed the man, clutching his cut wrist. "This idiot is trying to kill me! POLICE!"

Harry ran and, somehow, managed to escape. Two days later he was picked up by Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick.

It was always about two days after any sensational pick-pocket coup that Harry was picked up by Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick. It was always two days because that was as long as Harry could stand being away from Dugan's Billiard Parlor. It was always Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick because the patrolman, a good friend of Dugan, loyally refrained from putting Dugan's address on the police blotter for all to see. It was always Harry, of course, because during some 20 years he had been more successful at establishing a reputation than the police had been in proving that this reputation was justified.

By the time he was placed under arrest, Harry, as usual, had taken all precautions. He had cremated the wallet and hidden the money where Fitzpatrick would never think to look for it—in Dugan's cash register. But there had been not just one, but two eyewitnesses this time, and Harry was certain that these precautions were but empty rites.

Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick unceremoniously hauled Harry before the desk sergeant. Later there was the harsh lights of the line-up and the indignity of having to stand on the same platform not only with crooks and lesser artists, but with cops as well.

Fortune was the only one who smiled on Harry that day. There were scowls from cops, scowls from newspapermen, and a scowl from the owner-actor who passed him by without recognizing him.

"Isn't this the man?" whispered Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick, hopefully.

"I can't be sure," said the owner-actor, who today was playing the melancholy Dane. "I can't be sure at all. I do wish the other witness had shown up. *He* could be sure. You see, unfortunately I was wearing sunglasses that day."

Harry, always the professional, noticed that Hamlet was still wearing his watch. This time it was girded to his wrist by a band of stout steel.

"Okay, Harry. Step down," bellowed the sergeant. "And wipe that smile off your face. You haven't gotten away with anything yet. Just wait until we find that other witness."

Now Harry was a sportsman, but he was no fool. Prudently, he had decided to forego the track, and long shots, until the reverberations from his latest coup had died down. Even so, he suffered from the heat and noise of the crowded subway train, and he still was subject to occasional qualms when he imagined that moustached, jewel-less man finally showing up at police headquarters. . . .

Such unpleasant musings were cut short, however, when a customer entered the train. Harry was a study of nonchalance as he made his way through the crowd to the platform where the stout man in the Brooks Brothers suit was standing. He stood beside the customer a minute, deciding

upon his approach. One of the interesting things about Harry's profession was that each transaction posed a different problem.

The customer was reading the financial page as Harry searched the left inner jacket pocket, using the difficult Caesarian approach. That pocket was empty.

The customer turned to the real estate page and Harry extended his operation—a variation of the Bakelwitz thrust—to the right pocket. It, too, was empty.

Turning to the lighter side of the news, the customer leafed to the features as Harry thumbed through the contents of the jacket's side pockets. *Curses!* thought Harry. This customer must be carrying his wallet in his hip pocket, in violation of the Bakelwitz rule for fat men. And he was leaning beside the train door in a position which thwarted Harry's most skillful approach to that defense perimeter.

Harry decided he would have to use a lure, though he hated to. So many big ones got away that way.

He reached into his own pocket and dropped a dollar and fifty cents to the floor. The dollar was for lure. The fifty cents was strictly for noise.

The fat man turned from his paper and watched Harry bend over, pick up the fifty cent piece and overlook the dollar bill. Harry straightened up and became absorbed by the tunnel wall thundering past the window.

Now luring had certain rules. If the fat man returned Harry's dollar, he was no longer fair game. If he kept it, he could use it to get home on.

Out of the corner of his eye Harry watched the fat man stoop ponderously, snatch the dollar bill and stick it in his pocket. Harry smiled. This maneuver had caused the customer to emerge from the corner so that his flanks were no longer protected. Lifting the wallet was easy now.

Returning it was more difficult. He had to return it because a quick glance told him it contained only 12 dollars. He was looking for fat wallets containing so many tens and twenties that a couple of them might be overlooked. All other wallets he was returning undisturbed to their owners. This was the difficult restriction he had placed on himself after the race track fiasco. He didn't want Fitzpatrick to have the slightest excuse to pick him up, for awhile anyway.

The would-be customer had retreated to his corner where Harry couldn't reach his seat pocket again. Harry shrugged and dropped the wallet into the man's side pocket. Then, remembering the dollar the man had dishonestly kept, Harry relifted the wallet, turned around to shield his action, indignantly snatched a dollar from the wallet and dropped the wallet back into the man's pocket. In this business you had to watch sneaky types such as this or you'd end up in the red.

Harry got off at the next station, disgusted. His tournament with the fat man had taken him to 86th Street, far from his base of operations. All day it had been the story of the fat man over and over again; he had had to return one wallet after the other with their contents undisturbed. The people were being taxed to death.

To distract his mind from such brooding thoughts, Harry quietly engaged in a little shadow-boxing while waiting for the downtown train. Time and again he snatched a gold watch from his pocket to see if he could feel it. Sometimes he was so successful he'd absent-mindedly put the watch back in a different pocket.

He had a devil of a time keeping up with that watch.

On his way downtown Harry's luck changed. Hanging on a strap was a man who obviously belonged in a chauffeured limousine. The car was crowded and Harry had no trouble in edging up to the man and hanging onto the strap beside him. Harry went directly to the heart of the problem, the man's hip pocket, and discovered—another hand! Curious as to whom the hand belonged, Harry peered around the man. His indignant stare was met by the indignant stare

of the man's neighbor, a big man who displayed a moustache, but no jewels.

Looks of curious indignation quickly became looks of hatred. It was the missing witness, the owner-actor's companion—the one man needed to put Harry in jail!

His first impulse was to flee. Then he smiled, no longer afraid. It wasn't every day that you ran across someone in someone else's pocket. But it certainly wasn't difficult for Harry to guess what the man was doing there. So *that* was why Moustache hadn't shown up at police headquarters.

Harry continued searching his unsuspecting patron's pockets. He and Moustache were engaged in a sort of duel, Harry methodically going through the patron's pockets on one side and his moustached colleague going through the pockets on the other. When the train stopped at the next station, Harry got off and waited for his competitor so they could compare notes.

The big man gestured and followed Harry upstairs to the entrance of a basement apartment. Harry started to shove a packet of cigarettes at his rival. But his rival was quicker on the draw. He shoved something at Harry first. It was a pistol.

"Okay, Pinhead. What's your game?"

"Apparently the same as yours, only I never need one of those things," Harry said with professional pride.

"Can the jokes. Gimme all you took off him."

"Why don't you go on and rob a bank? It's clowns like you that lower the standards of the profession," Harry sneered.

The pistol explored Harry's stomach. He handed over the tens he had removed from the man's money clip and a small sheaf of scholarly notes which, since they had aroused his curiosity, he had been unable to resist.

The moustache twitched. Its owner was looking over the scholarly notes. "Who do you work for?" he growled.

"I work for no man," Harry said with pride.

"Come off it. What could you do with this all by yourself?" he asked, waving the scholarly notes in Harry's face.

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"Oh, now, don't play innocent. What does it say?"

Harry read the title of the neatly typed papers: *Observations on the Private Lives of Salamanders*.

"Salamanders?" Harry asked.

"Yeah. Salamanders," the man laughed. Suddenly jocund, he handed Harry the tens he had lifted from the man on the subway. "Here, Pinhead. This is for your trouble. But I never want to see you again, get it? I don't like violence, do you?" he asked before placing the papers, foolishly, in his jacket's side pocket.

"No," Harry confessed.

Without so much as a goodbye, the man turned and walked briskly from the basement door. Harry raced down the subway stairs, hoping to catch a train before the man missed the papers he had lifted from his jacket pocket. He really didn't care about salamanders, but in all his career he had never had a pistol pointed at him before. The resentment aroused by this experience brought forth a hitherto unsuspected capacity for spite.

The train was just pulling into the station when Moustache came running down the steps, already nervously patting the bulge his pistol made under his jacket.

Harry was no track star but he would have been a welcome addition to any team as he sprinted up another flight of stairs. Outside, he mingled with a crowd for a block, then hailed a cab. He didn't notice that he was still being followed.

That night, propped up in bed and smoking a cigarette, Harry lifted his eyebrows as he read:

"S. salamandra shows a surprising number of almost-human characteristics. . . the male clasps the female at the arms. . . The embryo passes through three stages. . ."

Laying aside the treatise, Harry analyzed his reactions to these observations: They left him cold.

Once, when business was dull at the track, he had visited the old Aquarium. But no matter how much the fish seemed to distract the other people they certainly didn't turn one man from his job that day. Harry had heard, too, of people who raised fish as pets, though personally he was of the conviction that a fish would make a pretty poor companion. Here, though, were papers written by a man who apparently had spent more time with fish than with people.

Harry shook his head. This treatise and his chance meeting with Moustache, who apparently attached great value to this work on salamanders. . . It was all very strange.

Harry thought it was strange, too, when later that night he was awakened by someone's cautiously trying his door. Quickly he sat up, wide awake. No one, not even police, had ever tried to gain entrance to his place in such a manner. It must be burglars! Then he remembered. *Moustache!*

The person on the other side of the door tried turning the handle the other way. Already Harry was slipping into his trousers. Cat-like he de-

[Continued on page 74]



As Harry occupied the place of honor on the platform, the entire city heard all about his amazing exploits.



HOW TO DRIVE

You want to know the little tricks that make the big difference in winning a road race? Here one of America's ace drivers tells all

Phil in action at Madera Road Races. Driving a friend's "C" Jaguar, he led all the way—until he was forced into second place when his brakes failed during the last lap.



If you're interested in picking up a few pointers on fast driving, try watching a number of road races. Select one or two drivers and observe them carefully, particularly on the hills and in the turns. Then, after the race, ask the winning driver how he won. If he's at all like me, he'll probably say that, in addition to driving the best he could, he won for these reasons:

(1) He had a good car (2) his pit crew spent days tuning it to deliver top performance (3) he acquainted himself with the course before the race, and (4) he was lucky.

Choosing the right car probably comes first. I've owned several interesting sports cars since my first supercharged MG. A Jaguar XK-120, an Alfa Romeo, an Aston Martin, and two Ferraris—a 2.6 litre and a 2.9 litre. In addition to these, I've driven several races in cars owned by my friends.

Experience has pretty well taught me what I like to drive. I don't like cars too small, too big, too old, or too radically new.



A ROAD RACE

by Phil Hill

Cars with engines under two litres (about 120 cubic inches) don't perform well enough—they don't have enough beans. The more power you have under the hood, the more performance you'll get. I figure real sports car performance starts above two litres, closer to three litres, actually.

But this theory operates only up to a certain point. Big engines—250, 300 cubic inches, and up (Chrysler, Cadillac, etc.)—begin to get heavy, which means the car needs more strength and weight to carry the bigger engine. The added power put out by these engines requires, among other things, heavier gears and drive shafts. So the big-engined cars get heavier and bigger and less maneuverable, particularly for the short, sprint-type courses we have on the West Coast. The one exception I'll make is the Cunningham, the Chrysler-engined sports car which is built in Florida. It's one example of a big car successfully raced.

The more I drive, the less excited I get over unusual cars

Driving the big white Cunningham (far left), Phil Hill shoots ahead to beat the pack to the first corner. The Cunningham is the only big-engined job Phil respects.

Phil (in white T-shirt) supervises precision tuning of his 212 Ferrari. By using a Nicson dynamometer (rollers under rear wheels) the Ferrari gained 20 extra hp.



and radical innovations—the gimmick that's going to revolutionize road racing, weird springing and suspension, strange designs, novel ideas of engine modification. Sometimes they work, but more often they don't.

Old cars are another taboo. I learned my lesson two years ago when I raced my 1939 Alfa Romeo. The twin supercharged, straight eight was powerful, and the car was quick handling; but I wasted too much time at the races putting the wonderful old car back together again.

For these reasons my choice is the 2.9 litre (176.9 cubic inch) Ferrari. It's a relatively new model and has proved itself in European racing. It's exceptional without being radical. The engine is big enough to put out 250 horsepower, yet the car only weighs about 2000 pounds. Comparing that with a passenger car: the Nash Rambler, weighing six or seven hundred pounds more, has 85 horsepower from its 184 cubic inch engine.

Now we've chosen the car we have to think about preparing it. That means a good pit crew. The "Phil Hill Racing Team" is a strictly amateur three-man outfit—Dave Sykes, his wife, Thais, and myself.

We can't afford to hire a mechanic. Even if we could, I don't think we'd want to. There's too much satisfaction in doing the job yourself. While Dave and I prepare the cars for racing, Thais doubles as lap-scorer and coffee-pourer and keeps quiet when things go wrong. She just lets Dave and me cuss the situation out together. There would be no sports-car racing without people like Dave and Thais.

I always put my car on a chassis dynamometer for final tuning because I've learned that you can pick up from 20 to 50 extra horsepower this way. This applies to passenger cars, too. Before the dynamometer stage is reached, however, we inspect the bearings and condition of the lower end of the engine. While a well-built sports car is designed to run quite a few races before a general overhaul is necessary, a glance at the crankshaft and rods is a good precaution.

From the bottom we work our way to the top of the engine, pulling off valve covers to check clearances and the condition of the head. We use a torque wrench on the head bolts to make sure each one is tightened to the correct number of foot pounds. If a reading of a compression gauge shows the car needs a valve job or new rings, off comes the head.

With the rods, bearings, valves and pistons in good shape, we put the engine back together again. The spark plugs come next. If they're old or burnt, we replace them, then check the coil.

Next in line is an examination (by instrument) of the distributor to see that the point settings are right and to determine the correct distributor cam dwell. After a rough check of the carburetion we place the rear wheels of the car on the rollers of a dynamometer for final tuning. The dynamometer simulates actual road conditions. With the engine running and the car in gear, the dynamometer

records the power at the rear wheels. The engine is run up to peak horsepower reading and then shut off. We remove a spark plug and examine it for signs of rich or lean carburetion. We set the distributor to give maximum power output, and so on, until the engine is in peak tune.

Depending on the type race we're preparing for, we next work out gear ratios. A short course requires one rear axle ratio, a long course requires another. The point is, I have to get maximum acceleration along with maximum top speed. When in doubt, I use a ratio favoring acceleration. I'd rather take a chance on over-revving the engine than not being able to use all the power. Much the same effect can be obtained by using larger or smaller rear wheels and tires, but I've never done it.

Before the race I check to be sure the brakes are good and the suspension is right. Tires won't wear out in a short race if they are in good condition, but if any serious cracking of the sidewalls appears (it seldom does) a set of new rubber is in order.

Dave and I always check the thickness of the brake linings to see how much wear is left. We also check shock-absorber adjustment before the race.

During the Golden Gate Race shock absorbers not tightly enough set gave me trouble. The fluid in them thinned out and ruined my Ferrari's performance on dips and corners. By the end of the race the car felt more like a pogo stick. To make matters worse, the coil on the left bank of the V type engine came adrift. This forced me to putt around the last lap on six cylinders. I came in second.

The nature of a car in a turn makes proper suspension vastly important. At a certain point in the turn, the driver must apply power and accelerate into the straight. The tendency is for the inside rear wheel to lift and spin under power. This can be corrected by stiffening the front suspension either by tightening the *front* shock absorbers, or by adding an anti-roll bar as is done in the front suspension of some passenger cars. Too much stiffening of the suspension, however, will make the car sit too flat and skid.

We check nearly everything before the race—steering and wheel alignment. Wheel balancing, however, is done at the races by the Technical Committee.

With the car as right as we can get it, we take off for the races. It's Dave's and my responsibility to bring along spare plugs, wrenches, oil, wheels, and everything else we'll need. Thais has charge of the stop watches and other paraphernalia for keeping tracks of the race developments.

Our first morning at the course we get out early, get all the tools ready in the pits, and start the engine. The Race Committee sometimes furnishes gasoline which means different carburetor jets to meet fuel changes.

As soon as everything is in order, I climb in the car and start moving around the course. For the first couple of laps the best thing to do is act like you're driving over a strange mountain road on a dark night. [Continued on page 62]

ON THE NOSE

That seems to be where the ball is going to land, but actually Manager Rogers Hornsby is quite safe. He had just thrown the ball up from his hand and was about to hit a fungo to an outfielder when Photographer Ernest Sisto snapped this eye-fooler. Shortly after the picture was shot, Rogers lost his job with the St. Louis Browns, but was quickly signed to boss the Cincinnati Redlegs back in the more familiar National League.



You Gotta Know

Cotillo was sure he was smarter than the native chief who had the poison monopoly . . . and the buxom daughter. Too late he learned that the pineapples of the Amazon can be as deadly as his own Chicago brand

by William LaVarre

Illustrated by John Clymer

Deep in the unmapped jungles of South America, 200 miles back from the Caribbean coast as the harpy eagle flies, where the vague boundaries of Brazil, Venezuela and British Guiana meet in a Lost World, there was much gold. And there was an intriguing natural storehouse, somewhere in the mountains, from which many beautiful diamonds were eroding into the river beds. But we were not eagles. The supplies for my six trading posts had to be forced up 400 meandering miles of ever-twisting jungle river in giant greenheart canoes, each paddled by 24 big, muscular, black men, with portages around scores of rapids and waterfalls.

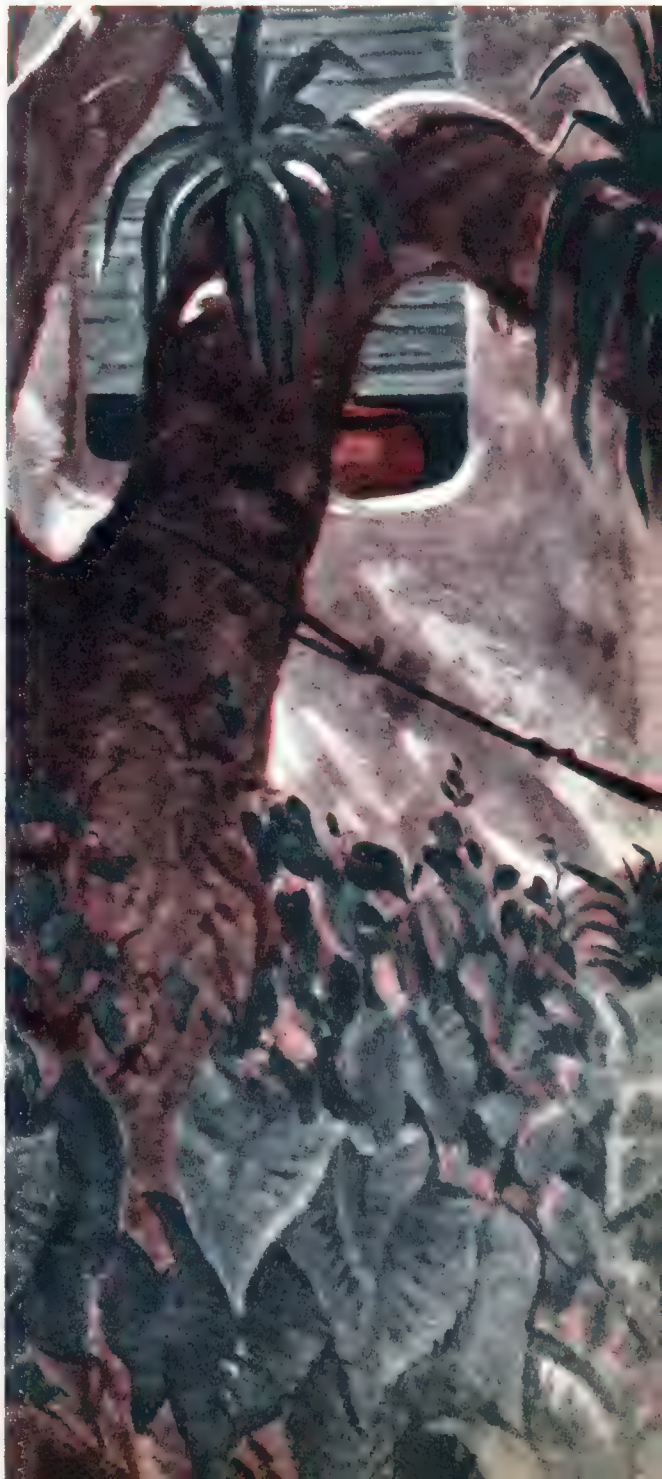
Ten canoes were now deeply loaded beside the pontoon wharf of the last outpost of civilization. In them I was gambling another \$25,000 worth of trade goods and supplies against the wild river. If we reached the headwaters of the river and my central trading base safely, the investment would earn at least 400 per cent profit.

I was just about to step into the lead canoe and give the signal for the river journey when a smallish man, very dapperly dressed, came into the compound and down the wharf with two new leather suitcases in his hands. A Negro attendant followed with a load of sporting-goods equipment—gun cases, fishing rods, fancy rattan picnic basket.

"I'm Cotillo, chief," he said with a toothy attempt at a friendly smile. "From [Continued on page 68]"

"Little Black Eyes has left her old man and come to me," he wrote. "Get me together a trousseau, chief."

"You Gotta Know Your Pineapples" is a Cavalier bonus reprint, Copyright 1949, Fawcett Publications, Inc.



Your Pineapples



Surgeons and technicians, in New York's Montefiore Hospital, work against time to save a life. This critical heart operation isn't performed very often, but when it is, the odds for death are high.



The notes below were written in a rapid-fire shorthand, while witnessing one of the most formidable operations known to medicine. The author, a veteran medical reporter, was assigned by CAVALIER to bring in a firsthand story of the most dangerous feat of surgery he could find. This is what he picked. It describes the cutting and splicing

of a man's aorta, the giant artery that taps out of the heart and is the number one blood supply line of the body. The operation took eight hours, without a break, and with only a thin shaft of Swedish steel—the surgeon's knife—between a man's life and eternity. We decided to print the notes as they were written during the operation.—The Editors

Most Dangerous Operation

One slip spells death when the heart's main artery is cut

by Eric Northrup

8:40 A.M. I have just entered Room One in the Operating Room Suite of New York's Montefiore Hospital. I am outfitted for the operation in surgical dress—white pants, smock, face mask, green cap. Rubbers over my shoes, with tabs going inside under my heels, ground me to prevent build-up of static electricity—an explosion hazard.

The operating room is large, about thirty by thirty, tiled, brilliantly lit. I catch a quick sweeping impression of other white-clad figures like myself . . . impressive, streamlined medical gadgets on wheels . . . the sheen of surgical instruments laid neatly in several rows. Directly before me, lying on his right side with his back to me and his body covered from the waist down by a green sheet, is the unconscious figure of the young man who is to be operated upon. He is straight-backed, well-built, and looks like an athlete waiting for his rubdown. But he is strangely immobile, wrapped in the deep sleep of anesthesia.

8:44 A.M. The associate surgeon steps briskly into the room. In an easy, efficient manner he checks final details with the rest of the medical team: is the ECG (electrocardiograph) ready . . . blood control apparatus . . . emergency drugs . . . instruments? In two or three minutes, five at most, the surgery will start.

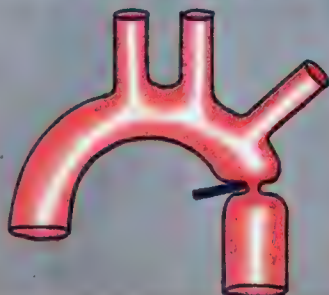
Will I be able to take it? I think to myself. Words I had

heard an hour ago in the doctors' dressing room came back to me: "This operation tops them all. Compared to it, most of the heart jobs you read about are kindergarten stuff. And this one may not have a happy ending."

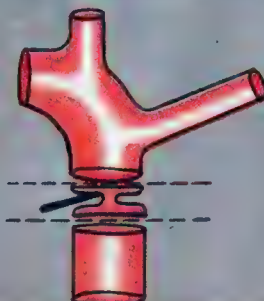
I feel a bit shaky, brace myself by a quick recap of what is coming. A surgeon's steady undramatic voice had explained: "This man has coarctation of the aorta. Coarctation is one of nature's grim little tricks—a pinch-like narrowing of the great artery. It starts at birth and cuts down vital blood supply, usually causing death before 40 from high blood pressure. A few years ago, before this operation was developed, the young man wouldn't have had a chance for survival. Now the odds are in his favor. They're going in to see if they can cut his aorta above and below the strangled area, splice the open ends together; if necessary, they'll do a graft—use a section of another man's artery, from the blood vessel bank, to bridge the gap."

8:49 A.M. The operator steps up to the table, ready to begin. I stand directly behind him and a little to the right, on a small eight-inch stool. Facing us from across the table are two assisting surgeons, waiting for the first cut of the scalpel. At the foot of the table, diagonally across from us, is a surgical or "scrub" nurse, her nimble fingers ready to supply clamps, sponges, forceps or any of the hundred and one surgical [Continued on page 66]

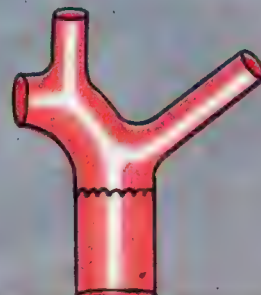
When the main artery from the heart develops a "pinch," it slows down blood flow, causing high blood pressure. The "pinch" must be removed.



Here, the restricted section of the artery is cut. Either a plastic tube or human tissue kept in "banks" is used to replace the cut out tissue.



In this operation no new tissue was needed. The cut ends of the artery were sewn together in what is the world's most dangerous operation.



HERE THEY'RE ROUGH ON

You have to have dough to enjoy the wonderful fishing at Bonaparte Lake—you can get there only by plane. But once you land, you're at the mercy of Bob Stearns who's tough on the biggest of big shots



Robert Stearns

There is a unique sense of satisfaction that comes from taking a bad-mannered millionaire by the shoulders and shaking him until his teeth are clicking. If one goes further, and takes the millionaire by the seat of his pants and throws him bodily into an extremely cold lake, then one's joy is boundless.

At least, this is the feeling of Robert Stearns, of Bonaparte Lake, British Columbia and Piedmont, Calif. Stearns has virtually made a career, and a nice income, out of being beastly to rich men. He seems to enjoy it immensely, and as yet he has suffered no reprisals.

Not only has he shaken a captain of industry quite violently, and pitched one into a lake, but he has also taken a rich man's hunting rifle away from him and broken it across a tree stump. He has deliberately doused a big-shot lawyer with a pail of hot water. He has told seven or eight tycoons to get the hell out of his sight and stay out.

He doesn't smile when he says or does any of these things. He is not kidding. Stearns is a small man, with a sunny smile and a likable manner when everything is going smoothly. But when he is crossed, he grows so ferocious in looks and bearing that he seems to be eight feet tall and a yard wide. Surrounded as they usually are by people anxious to please them, most wealthy men have never been confronted by anyone like Stearns. This may be one reason why they

From right above Bob Stearns' camp, guests can see the grandeur of the country surrounding Bonaparte Lake.



MILLIONAIRES

by Keith Monroe

haven't as yet, attempted to cut Stearns down to size.

Another reason is that Bob Stearns happens to control something which many wealthy men crave but cannot buy—lonely lakes where the fishing is extraordinarily good.

Stearns owns and operates a fishing camp in an impenetrable Canadian forest. Within a day's walk of the lodge he built, there are eight lakes which never before have been fished by white men. They are jumping with rainbow or Kamloops trout—big, pugnacious fish, among which a 6-pounder is merely good-sized. Trout weighing as much as 27 pounds have been caught in these lakes since Stearns opened them up in 1948.

The only quick way to reach his area is by float plane, across 40 miles of uninhabited mountains. There are no



It's always a big event at the camp when the plane brings in a new load of eager anglers from the outside.



The portage between fishing spots can get rugged at times, but what's waiting at the end is well worth it.

There's nothing fancy at Bob's camp but the prices. Rugged clothing is required—at times forcibly.





Big catches are the rule rather than the exception at Bonaparte—one reason guests are reluctant to leave.

Because some guests, especially the women, like to take part of their catches home, fish are smoked constantly.



roads within 30 miles. Anybody who wants to fish such hidden lakes, unless he has the constitution of a commando and the leisure for a month's pack trip, comes as a paying guest of Stearns.

Although Stearns is a U.S. citizen, Canada has granted him exclusive camp-site rights on these lakes. More than that—it has given him the sole permit in British Columbia for a fishing lodge accessible only by air. Every other sportsman's camp in the province is located near an automobile road or a railroad.

Sportsmen who want the best fishing and can pay for it—but who can't take much time away from their desks—prick up their ears when they hear about Stearns' camp. They realize that they can leave their offices in New York or Los Angeles on a Friday morning and be fishing on his lakes by Saturday forenoon. There are so many men willing to pay Stearns fancy prices for this privilege that he does not suppress any desire to manhandle the ones who turn out to be uncongenial.

"I suppose they might sue me afterward, theoretically," he says. "But it would be complicated for one American citizen to sue another for something that happened in a foreign country. Then too, most of my paying guests seem to want to come back to my camp. Even the ones I've roughed up have usually stayed friendly. You see? That's the beauty of having something that rich white trash can't buy elsewhere."

Stearns is not implying that many millionaires are trash. He gets along beautifully with nearly all those who share his love for fishing. He says, "I've stayed as friendly as



Stearns doesn't want his guests to do any hunting and the bears and deer who visit the camp seem to know this.

Damon and Runyon with such magnates as Coleman of Coleman Lanterns, May of the May Company department stores, Gamble of Procter & Gamble, Fleischmann of Fleischmann's Gin, Weatherby the custom gunsmith, and Chet Loucks of Lum'n Abner. They don't get noisily drunk, make passes at the women, nor hog the best fishing spots. They aren't dudes nor cry-babies. That's about all I ask of a man."

Stearns is no snob. Anyone, poor or rich, can get into a rhubarb with him. His relations with the Canadian government have probably been as embattled as any Yankee's since the War of 1812. He may be the only man who has challenged two Royal Canadian Mounted Police to fisticuffs and escaped to tell about it.

The Canadian government has never granted any other foreigner such rights as it granted Stearns—probably because no one else has ever asked for them. His unique privileges may account for his lack of popularity among Canadians. They might be expected to feel some annoyance at the spectacle of an uninhibited Yankee making big money from Canada's fish.

Any Canadian, of course, could do the same. Some of them may do it, eventually. But nobody, at this writing, has tried.

The camp started as a gleam in Stearns' eye during the war. As an Air Force pilot, he happened to make some flights over the immense wild areas of British Columbia. A half-hour's flying time out of the town of Kamloops, in the Nehalliston plateau of the Cariboo mountains, he noticed whole clusters of lakes that were [Continued on page 63]

One of the jokers in camp nailed this cheering sign to a tree: SUCKER—NEXT TIME TAKE THE TRAIN.



"I'll have a line drawn in front of the hotel," Al said. "Come in bearing a gun and step over that line."



The Lady Had a Past

The London dude was a scientific slugger, but he'd never learned how to handle an armed badman. The fiery Martha had—and at a very tender age

by Roderick MacLeish

Illustrated by Ray Johnson

You mightn't know my Grandpap was an Englishman to hear me talk, but it's true. Of course I'm from right here and so was my Daddy, but Grandpap came all the way from London to Emblem Creek just to spend money. At least that's what folks thought.

He arrived in a cloud of dust and a pile of baggage. First thing foolish he'd done was to hire a private stage in Dodge City to bring him out. "Now what do you want a stage of your own for?" the ticket master asked him when he unloaded.

Grandpap smiled pleasantly because he was always pleasant to everyone. "Why to carry my trunks," he said.

"What in hell's in all them trunks?" asked the ticket master, looking bug-eyed at the heap the Indian boys were piling on the platform.

"Clothes," answered Grandpap, polishing his glasses, "clothes for the spring, the summer and all the other seasons. Is there a bar in this town?"

"Right down at the hotel," said the ticket master, staring at the baggage.

"Obliged," said Grandpap. He hitched up his plus-fours and went wandering down the street toward the hotel.

That's when the fun began. There was a crowd in the bar, all big hairy men in from the spring drives and full of sass and ginger. They could hardly believe their eyes when the doors swung back and there stood a thin-looking Englishman, with a little droopy mustache and a set of pinch-nose glasses, wearing plus-fours and a frock coat.

"I'll be damned," said Hug Rawley.

"And me too," said someone else.

Grandpap stepped over to the bar not looking to the left nor the right and ordered himself six fingers of bourbon. The eyes bugged farther out when he poured it down his throat without so much as a thank-you-m'am. Then he pulled a little hanky out of his sleeve and dabbed his lips.

"Evening, gents," he said politely.

Hug Rawley hitched up his gunbelt and spat on the floor. [Continued on page 78]



Saigon's Stockade—world's most unique "prison" for women.

The House of 500 Girls

After you finish this fabulous letter from one seaman to another,
you'll wish you could sail today for the side streets of Saigon

Hi, Al,

Glad to hear that you got back on the run to Australia, but I sure wish you had been aboard ship with us this last trip. We hit some damn interesting ports in the Orient, too many to tell about in one letter, so this time I'll give you the lowdown on fabulous Saigon.

At first I wasn't particularly pleased when I learned that Indo-China was to be one of our ports of call, not with all the play the papers and newsmags have been giving the war over there (or is it called "police action," too?). American seamen are paid a five buck a day bonus while in that area, but the extra 20 or 25 smackers you get is hardly worth the risk of a bullet in the head to my way of thinking. However, a couple of our messmen who had been there about a year ago succeeded in arousing my interest with their talk of the Stockade, (The House of 500 girls) and the "scientific bath and massage parlors." You know me Al, always looking for something educational.

In approaching Saigon by ship, you have about a three hour run up a narrow river, the banks of which are covered with jungle right down to the water's edge. Until recently this part of the trip was considered a bit hazardous, as it was fairly simple for the guerillas to hide along these banks and take pot shots at the ships as they went by. However, the French have things pretty well under control now, at least in this area. We made the run both ways without incident, though we were warned that it was still best not to expose ourselves on the open decks. No one did, either.

Without a doubt Saigon is the most attractive city in the Orient and well deserving of its nickname "Paris of the East." The French influence asserts itself in the wide tree-lined boulevards, sidewalk cafes, and beautiful churches and government buildings. Of course you can go a short way out of the downtown section and find native quarters just as crowded, filthy, and noisy as anywhere else in Asia, but no worse. At least not much.

Maybe it was because of the time of year (between Christmas and New Year's), or maybe it is a sign of the changing times, but the customs were one hell of a lot politer than in any French port I

have ever been in before (remember the time they fined me \$100 in Rouen for *not* having eight cartons of cigarettes?). They left a bulletin on board ship warning us against taking American money ashore, but did not seem too interested in enforcing the ruling and no one took notice of the notice. The difference in price between the legal exchange and the black market price on American money was not only well worth a little risk, but practically necessary to afford a decent liberty. Or so we told ourselves.

In Saigon the legal exchange was 20 piastres to the dollar, but on the black market you could get 40. It was quite simple to make a deal—not like in the Philippines where one is likely to wind up with worthless National Bank pesos. Invariably, when sitting down at a bar for a drink, the waiter's greeting was not "What'll you have?" but "Change American money?"

Even at "half price" we found goods very expensive and no one bought much in the way of souvenirs. Japan and Hong Kong are best for that anyway. Some beautiful items can be found in Bangkok, but they are priced way out of my range.

In Saigon the things that might be considered a bargain are French liquors (or liqueurs, if you prefer) and transportation. The latter is of three types: regular taxis, most of which are midget French cars that make you envy all the room a sardine has in a tin can; the samlor, which is a bicycle in back and a seat in front and where you try to relax while the driver works up a sweat in the tropic heat; and the cycle-cab, the same thing, only it is a motor-

cycle in back. The latter is usually the fastest and cheapest, but not to be taken by those with a weak heart. On one trip I took in one, if the driver was trying to make me you-know-what in my pants, he will never know how close he came to succeeding. I wound up closing my eyes and keeping them closed regardless of sudden swerves, honking horns, and squealing brakes until I was certain we had reached our destination.

As for the French champagnes, brandies, and liqueurs, they can be bought for about two dollars a bottle. (All

[Continued on page 72]

They grow pretty and mature early in Saigon. These two gals are taxi dancers in a cabaret.



Diving for Hitler's Ammo

A salvage load of live Nazi shells can bring riches to the finder. It can also bring a horrible death in a watery grave

Stepping down the ladder from the salvage ship, the diver never knows whether he will ever see the surface again. The bottom of the sea is littered with loaded ammunition.



Diving after death is a profitable business in Germany today.

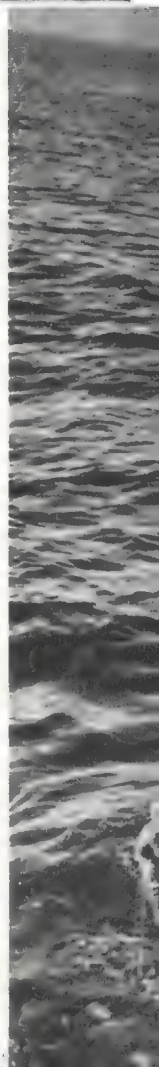
When Hitler's mad dream came to an end—when unconditional surrender wrote Finis to the Third Reich—German naval commanders refused to surrender their arms. Instead, they embarked on a systematic and ruthless campaign of scuttling. Everything went overboard—torpedoes, shells, and small ammunition. U-boats and destroyers were sunk.

The German coastal waters of the North Sea and the Baltic, as well as the big inland lake, the Bodensee, became rich with live ammo.

No one thought of salvaging, until a man by the name of Karl Porr applied for and was granted the only munitions salvage license ever issued by the Allies. A year or two later the demand for scrap became so great—and the British price for it so good—that Porr found himself a rich man.

After that, scores of fishermen began getting into the act (license or no license), until today it is one of the most profitable businesses in Germany—and also one of the most dangerous.

In these exclusive pictures, CAVALIER's photographer shows how it is done. All it takes is one temperamental shell to put a diver and his crew out of business—forever.





Karl Porr, right, biggest man in the business, counts number of retrieved shells with his assistant at Jagersberg. Divers expect to be paid immediately after count.



Many unlicensed divers who try to muscle in on the salvaging are forced to gamble on faulty equipment. This man did—and won himself a painful death from the “bends.”

Placed into tongs by the diver underwater, this 38cm shell is brought up from the ocean floor with its warhead still intact. One wrong move would mean the end for everybody.

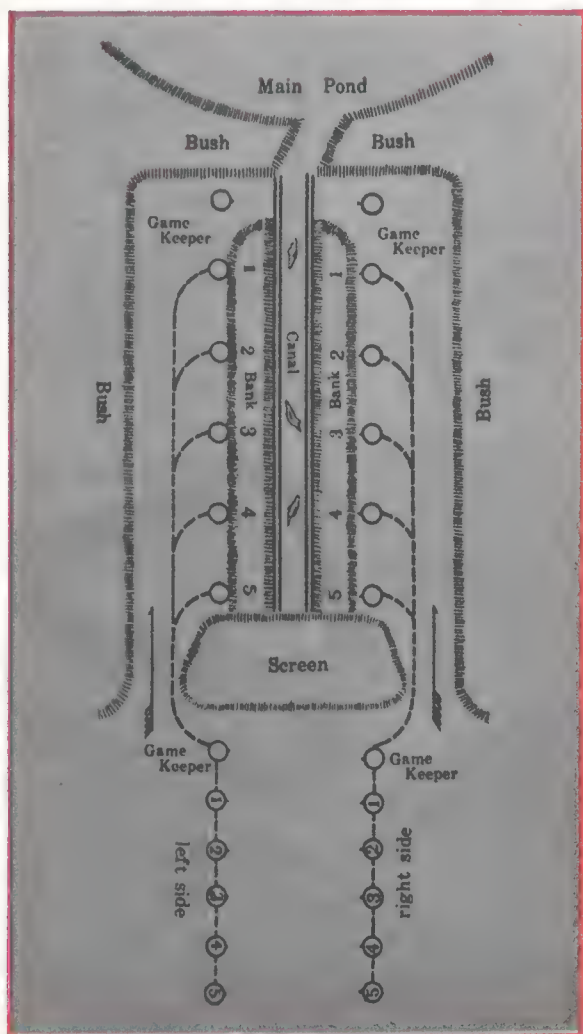
Only what is safely delivered to the scrap depot will be paid for. Divers, crew and skipper share in the proceeds, though not equally. The British are biggest scrap buyers.



Duck Hunt Jap Style



Thousands of ducks, mallard and teal, paddle around in the



Go to bed tonight. Set your dreaming apparatus on "Fantastic." No matter how wild your dream, it will be tame compared to the weird story that foreign correspondent Carl Phillips told me about the time he was invited by the Imperial Household to hunt ducks, Japanese style. . .

There is absolutely no shooting permitted on a Japanese duck hunt. It must be a very quiet affair. It is a ceremonious tradition to be indulged in with solemn appreciation. Members of the Tokyo Press Club, who had been invited on this hunt, found it rather hard to impart the quiet dignity and hallowed air that is attached to this particular sport in Japan. However, the Emperor owns the preserve, so we behaved as well as could be expected.

We entered the Saitama preserve (20 miles from Tokyo), through ranks of bowing and smiling attendants. We were seated at tables on the green lawn—and served tea! This is nearly always the case in Japan.

Next we were escorted to a pavilion where we were given a short, intense period of orientation. The complete layout of the 27-acre preserve, the three-acre lake, and general topography was explained with detail and patience in precise English.

Our group was divided into two teams. There was to be the element of competition even in the sport of duck hunting. One team must pit its skill against the other.

I was assigned to the first team. We took up positions and noticed with surprise that our names and positions had been recorded on red tile and placed in a square box big enough to accommodate the hunters.

Diagram of the Imperial preserve shows (a) main pond where ducks live, (b) canal where they are netted, (c) the screen which hides the hunters before the attack.

There are no guns and there are no dogs in an Imperial duck hunt. They just hand you a net and cry, "Charge!"

by Joe Austell Small



Imperial preserve, unaware of the strange fate awaiting them.

When we looked around for the second team, we were surprised to find them being seated at a fish pond. Each member was given a bamboo pole, line, hook and worm. Attendants stood by to change the worms, untangle the lines and net the fish, which looked like carp. This was to entertain the second team while we hunted.

Alongside a high willow hedge was a net rack holding approximately three dozen oversized butterfly-like nets—our weapons!

Each of us was given a net and directed down a path bordered by the willow hedges. Constantly our guide was "shushing" us. The slightest noise, he said, would put the birds to wing.

Finally, we reached the "blind," a sort of old frontier roundhouse with doors all over the place. Each door had a tiny peephole and no more had we entered the place when the gamekeepers had an eye apiece glued to the holes. They came up smiling. There were 11 ducks outside, waiting to be netted. According to team assignments, we stood in position. When the word was given, we rushed out madly and up went the ducks.

Amid the mad beat of wings, we swung our huge nets wildly in an attempt to entwine a plump mallard in midair.

In spite of the cut and dried approach to this sport, I got quite an unexpected bang out of it. If you don't think netting wild ducks can be fun, walk into the din of a fresh burst of uplifting birds sometime and see what I mean. Of course, the entire terrain must be laid out in advance in order to approach close

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The action starts when both teams break the silence and rush into the open. The frightened ducks try to take to the air. Some succeed; but most of them end up in a net.



The participants form two lines, one on either side of the screen. When the gamekeeper signals, both teams rush forward to their positions along the canal banks.



A close-up of the canal. These unsuspecting ducks are about to enter the area where they'll be flushed by waiting hunters not allowed to make any noise whatever.



TRUE CRIME

the case of *Double*

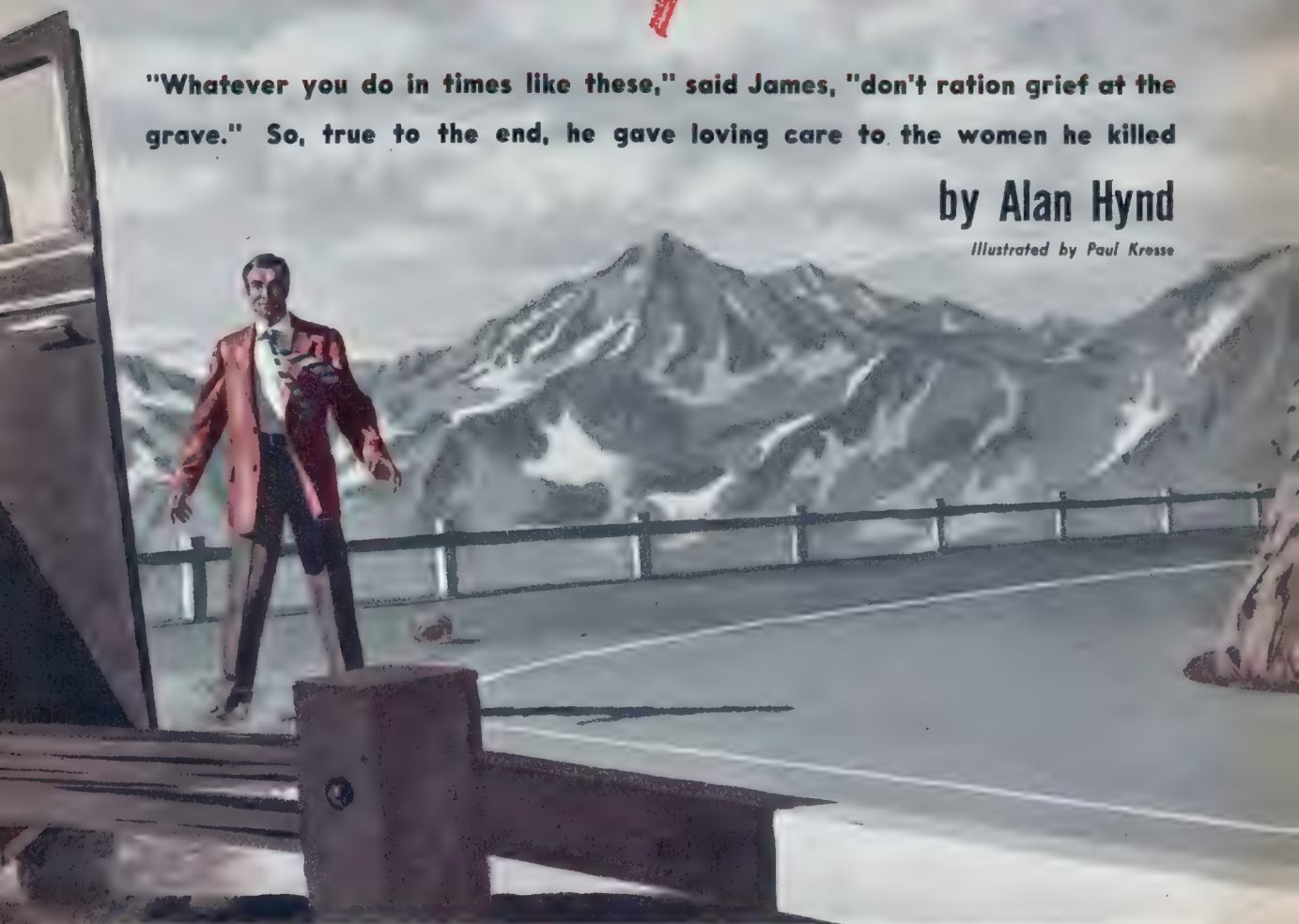


Indemnity James

"Whatever you do in times like these," said James, "don't ration grief at the grave." So, true to the end, he gave loving care to the women he killed

by Alan Hynd

Illustrated by Paul Kresse



The unique metropolis of Los Angeles has, for many years now, been the habitat of some unique specimens of the human race, so it was but natural that an Alabama boy who had been christened with the unique name of Major Raymond Lisenba eventually gravitated, in the early 30's, to the City of the Angels. Lisenba, who had changed his name to Robert James by the time he arrived in California, was an extraordinary character.

Bob James' capacity for strong spirits was equalled by his capacity for weak women. And his capacity for women was equalled by his technique with them. It is a matter of record in the office of the District Attorney of Los Angeles County that one voluptuous, but sparsely-educated, conquest remarked to him in the

back seat of an automobile, "Oh, Bob, you're the most nutritious fellow I ever met."

James was a tall, well-built man with a pasty face, reddish hair, and shifty champagne-colored eyes that some of the dolls found attractive. He was a sharp dresser, an insinuating dancer and had quite a repertoire of jokes about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter.

James was a barber, specializing in trimming and shampooing women's hair. In mid-summer in 1932, when he was approaching his thirty-fifth year, he was employed in a flossy shop in downtown Los Angeles that catered to both ladies and gentlemen. He worked, naturally, in the ladies' section.

One day in June, when the weather was of the kind

Paul Kresse

that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce gets hilarious about, a naive young lady by the name of Winona Wallace, who had come to the city from North Dakota to seek her future in something or other, found herself getting her hair shampooed by Bob James. "What are you doing to-night, Baby?" James whispered to Miss Wallace as he massaged her neck after the shampoo. "Why, nothing," answered Miss Wallace. That, at least, was what *she* thought.

In less than two weeks, Winona Wallace and Bob James decided that they could not live without each other. So they were married and, skipping a honeymoon, rented a three-room torture chamber in one of those over-bearingly cute bungalow courts where everybody not only knew one another but knew exactly when their neighbors went to bed and, moreover, what they did there.

The first night that the bride and groom occupied their new quarters, neighbors in the Court, inured to practically every kind of nocturnal sound, heard something new. It was a cracking, unidentifiable sound, followed by a yowl. It was repeated several times.

The cracking sounds and the yowls were heard every night for about a week. One of the neighbors was practically incinerated by curiosity, and so decided to call on the bride. What, she asked, was that cracking noise and the yowl that she kept hearing?

"Why," said Mrs. James, "I whip my husband."

"You what!"

"I whip Bob," said Mrs. James, a naive girl. "He asks me to."

It turned out that Bob James, the nutritious man, owned a stout big whip and, each night, before climbing into bed with his bride, he got the whip out. "Here, Sweetie," he would say, "beat me. Beat the hell out of me."

Winona James had, at first, thought her husband was playing some sort of a joke. But he couldn't have been more serious. "Go on!" he told her that first night. "You won't hurt me. I like it." And so she would beat him, sometimes so hard that she would raise welts on his body, and he would yell in ecstasy. Then, after getting a good lashing, he would jump into bed. The bride did not know, of course, that the groom was a masochist—a man who derives satisfaction from pain inflicted by somebody else.

Aside from being interested in liquor, women and getting lashed with the whip, Bob James was a great believer in insurance.

"We've got to take some insurance out on you, Honey," James told his wife.

"But I've already got a thousand dollars worth, darling," she answered. "My father's the beneficiary."

"We'll have the beneficiary changed to me," said James. "But that's not what I mean." What the man meant was \$7,000 worth of insurance on his bride, with double indemnity in case of accidental death. "I'd be no good for work if anything happened to you, Honey," he said. "I got to protect myself."

After he had taken out the insurance, and paid the first quarterly premium, James was visited by a stimulating thought. "What do you say we drive to North Dakota and see your folks," he suggested to his wife. "We can stop at Pike's Peak on the way and have a sort of a honeymoon." So the newlyweds got into his car, with a couple of bags and the whip, and set out for Pike's Peak. The bride, a good driver, was at the wheel.

A few days later Bob James stumbled into the office of the highway superintendent of Pike's Peak, dripping with grief. "My darling wife's been killed," he said. "Our car went off the road." The car, it seemed, had, in negotiating a hair-pin turn, not quite made it, and gone off into space. James, a nimble fellow, had jumped out just in time.

The highway superintendent made a surprising discovery. The James car had been stopped by a huge boulder about 150 feet off the road, just short of a point where it would

have gone into space for a drop of about 10,000 feet.

"You're lucky," the highway superintendent said to James. "Your wife's alive, even if she is unconscious."

In Beth-El Hospital in Colorado Springs, Winona James, the back of her head battered, remained unconscious for several days. When she woke up, she couldn't recall anything except that James had yelled, "Look out, darling!" and then everything had gone black.

While his wife was recovering in the hospital, James rented a little tourist cabin in a remote spot near Manitou, not far from the Peak. He got the car fixed up and drove into Colorado Springs to visit his wife in the hospital every day. Meantime he found another young lady and, at nights, got the whip out and filled the void.

When Winona James left the hospital and joined her husband in the cottage, they resumed their honeymoon. One morning James dropped into a general store a couple of miles from the cottage, left an order to be delivered to the cottage, then drew the delivery boy aside. "Whenever you go up to my place," he told the boy, "be sure to look around and see that my wife's all right if I'm not there. She takes dizzy spells since her accident."

One afternoon James dropped into the general store. His car had broken down while he had been returning from Colorado Springs to mail some letters; would the delivery boy be kind enough to drive him home? He was worried about his wife; she had not been herself when he left.

James invited the boy inside the cottage to give him a tip. He found his wife lying in the bath tub, her head under the water and her feet hanging over the side. "She couldn't be dead long," he pointed out to the boy. "Feel. The water's still warm."

And so Bob James never did reach the home of his wife's father in North Dakota. The coroner ascribed the bride's death to accidental drowning, brought on by a spell of dizziness, and the widower threw his bags and the whip into the car and drove back to Los Angeles. There he collected fourteen thousand dollars insurance for the accidental death and the additional thousand that his wife had had before her marriage. He invested the money in a flossy five-chair barber shop of his own at the corner of Eighth and Olive Streets.

The James tontorial parlor was a financial success—or would have been, rather, had it not been for the proprietor's capacity for whiskey and women. He was constantly using up the profits in liquid and horizontal refreshment—in an effort, he explained to his employees, to assuage his grief over the loss of his wife. He neglected to tell them that, on a lost weekend, he had married for the fourth time. Nor did he inform them that he was getting an annulment because fourth wife didn't believe in taking out insurance.

One morning, in 1934, a sailor on shore leave walked into the barber shop inquiring for Uncle Bob. James hadn't come in yet, so the sailor—a dopey-looking Jake named Cornelius Wright—sat around waiting for James. Wright turned out to be even more talkative than the barbers. As he began leaking at the mouth about Uncle Bob, it turned out that James had been married not twice but four times. His first wife had been a Maude Duncan from Birmingham, Alabama. "She divorced him 'cause she claimed Uncle Bob stuck hot curlin' irons under her fingernails," said Wright. "But I never believed *that*."

Uncle Bob's second wife had been a movie-house cashier from Emporia, Kansas, who had, before becoming Mrs. Robert James, borne the improbable name of Vera Vermillion. "She divorced Uncle Bob, too," Wright explained to the barbers. "They didn't get along."

When James finally appeared in the shop that day, he seemed startled to see his nephew. Then, when he had time to size up the fellow, he seemed rather pleased. "Come and stay with me," James told Wright. "I'll lend you my car and you can drive around and have yourself a real good time in this town."

But poor Wright didn't have much fun. He was driving Uncle Bob's car one day when something went wrong with the steering apparatus and the car went over a cliff and he was killed. The only solace that Uncle Bob had was a double-indemnity insurance policy on his nephew that paid him \$10,000.

James' flossy five-chair barber shop ran along pretty smoothly except for the large turn-over of manicurists. The girls either wouldn't hold still for the advances of the boss or, if they did, he, fickle fellow, soon got tired and fired them. So it was that one day, in the spring of 1935, when James was interviewing applicants for an opening, he sighted an arrestingly-constructed blonde named Mary Busch. Miss Busch was hardly an ex-child prodigy; in fact, she was not only usually unaware of the time of day, but never dead sure what day it was.

Of course Miss Busch got the job. She seems not to have been a girl of collapsible morals but she had, like many blondes, a low boiling point. One night in James' bungalow, he got the whip out. From then on, everything went along fine for a while, simply because the gentleman and the lady held divergent views as to where they were heading, although they didn't enlighten one another.

Then one morning—a Saturday morning when things were very busy in the barber shop—Mary was late for work. Several gentlemen customers were hanging around to get their nails done and James was quite annoyed.

When Mary showed up about noon, her face was suffused with a certain glow that James had never seen before. She motioned to him that she wanted to speak to him. He was lathering the face of a gentleman in a hurry to be shaved and off to the races and he shook his head sideways. But Mary frowned and insisted that he come over to her manicurists' table. When he did, and leaned down to hear what she had to say, he heard something that he didn't like at all.

"Dearest," said Mary, "we're going to have a baby."

That night, in the bungalow, Mary asked James when he thought they could be married. James gulped. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he told Mary, who later told a sister. "We'll take out insurance on each other so's if anything happens to either of us the kid will be taken care of." Mary, James was pleased to discover, was enthusiastic about insurance. She had always thought insurance must be a wonderful thing because the insurance companies had such pretty buildings.

There was, however, something of an obstacle to an early marriage. The annulment from the master barber's fourth wife wouldn't be through perhaps for several months, and each month, especially the next eight, would come upon James and Mary all too quickly. James was thus in a genuine dilemma. He was afraid to resort to bigamy, since it was a crime punishable by imprisonment, so he decided to fake a marriage.

Next night, in a bar, something happened that could have happened only in Los Angeles. James saw a stranger with a deceptively pious face. He engaged the man in conversation. "I'll give you fifty bucks if you'll help me play a joke on a dame," James told the stranger. The stranger was all for it.

The very next day—a day early in June, 1935—the stranger, wearing a dark suit, a turned-around collar and carrying a Gideon Bible filched from a hotel

room, showed up at the bungalow and performed a mock ceremony for James and Mary, only Mary didn't know it. James slipped the fellow the 50 bucks, whispered to him to be gone, then got off letters to a couple of insurance companies.

The espionage network that links rival insurance companies in their common battle against fraud seems not to have been functioning with their usual refrigerated efficiency when Bob James applied for policies on his fifth wife. For here was a fellow who had gotten into the insurance companies not once, not twice, not three times but four times! Yet Bob James had not the slightest difficulty in getting two five-thousand-dollar double-indemnity policies on his fifth wife, so that he would, in the event of another accidental bereavement, collect \$20,000.

The newlyweds moved into a precious little stucco bungalow in a place called La Canada, located in the Sierra Madre foothills. The bungalow was well-screened from neighbors by tall trees and luxuriant shrubbery. There was a small fish pond in the back yard.

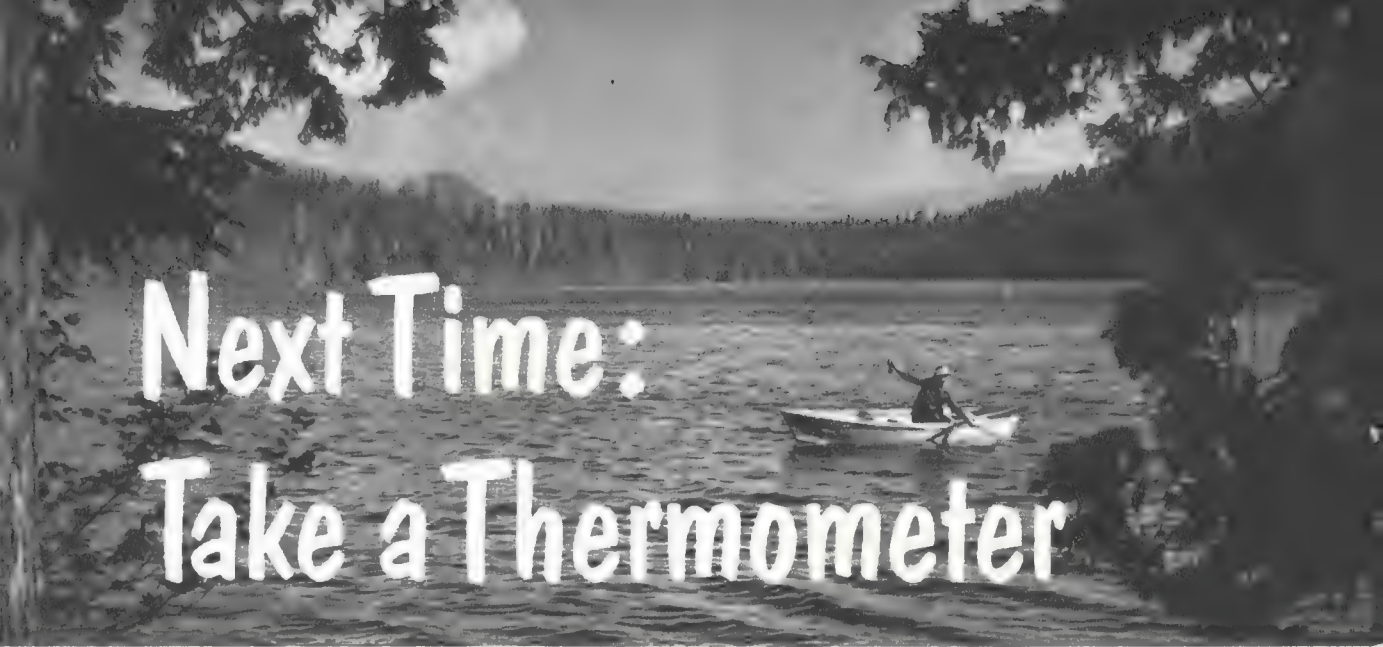
The bride and groom had no sooner settled in the bungalow in La Canada than James' divorce from his fourth wife—the real divorce—came through unexpectedly. He cooked up a story for Mary to the effect that their marriage had some sort of a legal flaw in it and suggested that they be married again. Mary, enamored of the father of her embryo, and too preoccupied by plans for motherhood to think twice about other matters, went through a bona fide marriage ceremony performed by a justice of the peace in Santa Ana on July 19.

By now Bob James was pretty well decided as to what his fifth wife's future would be. It was only a question of details. Those details were to be worked out for him by a happy combination of circumstances. One night, after he had lathered the last face for the day, he was driving out to La Canada in a new convertible. It was along Sunset Boulevard that he caught sight of a young lady who, his years of experience told

[Continued on page 58]

Winona James had at first thought her husband was playing some sort of joke. But he couldn't have been more serious.





Next Time: Take a Thermometer

When that sun beats down on the lake, the fish feel it too—and retire to their favorite temperature ranges. That's where your thermometer comes in

by **Nicholas Curtis**

I was sitting on the dock puffing my pipe contentedly when the two glowering anglers shoved into the slip and angrily began unloading their gear. The ruthless mid-July sun had left their faces lobster red, and their shirts were soggy with sweat. I could tell from the look on their faces that they hadn't had any luck but I asked anyway, just to make conversation.

"Well, we didn't drown, if you can call that luck," said one bitterly.

"Lake Norfolk!" spat the other. "The great fishing paradise! Boy, if this is a fishing paradise, so is my bathtub." He rubbed his casting arm. "My arm feels like I'd pitched a double-header."

"Well, now, maybe if you tried deep trolling or some still fish..." I began, trying to be helpful.

"Still fish!" The first angler looked at me like I had suggested he join the Sopchoppy Sewing Circle. "Hell, we came down here to fish, not play checkers and listen to the birdies."

With that, he and his companion stalked back up the slope to their cabin. In a few minutes they would be on their way back to St. Louis, smoldering with disappointment and primed to tell the world what a lousy fishing spot Lake Norfolk was.

Actually Lake Norfolk is *not* a lousy fishing spot. This beautiful Ozark impoundment is one of the best fishing lakes in Arkansas, or the South. But these two vacationers had made a mistake characteristic of 75 percent of the summer fishermen. They had stubbornly tried to catch fish where fish weren't—on the surface! I knew it was the fishermen and not the fish, because earlier that morning I had taken a pair of beautiful walleyes in the same area they had been fishing. But there was a difference. I had

trolled 35 feet deep and they had cast their arms off with a surface plug.

If someone suggested these same two sportsmen go duck hunting in a sedge field with No. 9 shot, they would immediately say he was nuts. Yet they were applying roughly the same technique to fishing, and were outraged because it brought no results.

So it is with a big segment of summer fishermen. They take the same trusty casting gear that was so successful in the spring and use it religiously—and vainly—in the scorching days of July and August. They can't seem to understand that most fish, like most humans, have an aversion to hot weather. But unlike people, the fish have no modern contraptions to beat the heat, so they simply move to a locale where it is cool—down deep.

Failure to recognize this is largely responsible for the proverbial "poor fishing" during the hot summer months. Admittedly the best fishing in almost any locality is found in the spring, but unfortunately the average working stiff doesn't get away to enjoy much spring fishing. He probably has to wait for his vacation to get his share of fishing, and more vacations come in July and August than in any other months. Since these are the so-called bad fishing months the chances are our two-week-once-a-year fisherman, who started out with such high hopes, will end up with a lame arm, a foul disposition and the frustrating explanation that he "oughta been here in June."

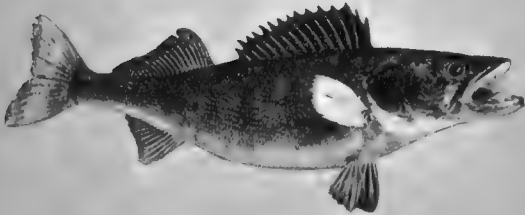
But there is really no excuse for his plight. Some of the best—and certainly the easiest—fishing I've ever enjoyed came in the worst days of August. One August I caught sauger on Tennessee's Norris Lake until my usually fish-hungry family gagged at the sight of one. Last July when the thermometer was scaring 97, Earl Bartlett and I took



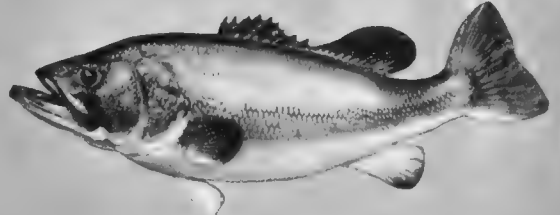
Bluegill Bream—73°-83°



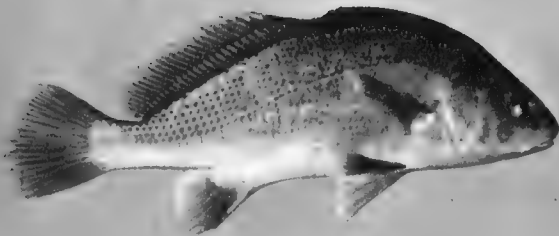
Crappie—73°-83°



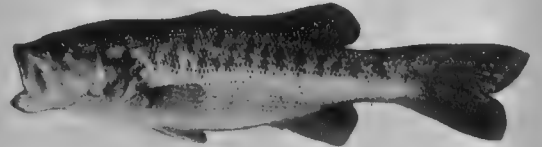
Walleye—71°-78°



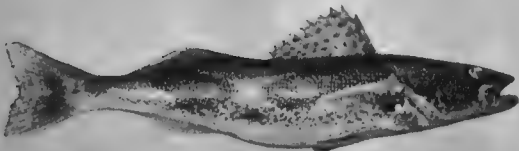
Large Mouth—79°-83°



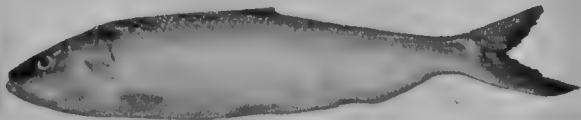
Drum—68°-77°



Spotted Bass—68°-79°



Sauger—62°-72°



Shad—67°-79°



BOOTY FOR THE BATTER



On March 23, 1910, baseball's National Commission accepted an offer from the Chalmers Automobile Company of Detroit to award a touring car to the major league regular with the highest batting average at the end of the season. This provided the germ of a baseball scandal which was to break out on the final day of the season.

By August it was apparent that the champion batter would be an American Leaguer. And, by September, the race for the automobile had narrowed down to two men—Larry Lajoie of Cleveland and Ty Cobb of Detroit.

Lajoie, in his fifteenth major league season, had been the first outstanding hitter in the junior circuit, which attained major league status in 1901. He had won batting honors in 1901, 1903 and 1904 with .405, .355 and .381.

Cobb was only in his fifth full season but was already stealing Larry's place. The Georgia Peach had won the batting crown the three previous years.

On October 7, Cobb led, .385 to .377, according to revised averages. With the batting championship apparently sewed up, Cobb left Detroit before the season ended to play with an all-star team which was to keep the Athletics tuned up during the lull between the end of the season and the opening of the World Series.

Cleveland was to close its season in St. Louis with one game on Saturday, October 8, and a double-header on Sunday, October 9.

Cobb's enemies cried that he had quit without giving Lajoie a fair chance to win the batting honors and the car. If the Peach did not play, his average could not drop. Lajoie, on the other hand, would have the pressure on him.

When Larry got only one for four in Saturday's game, everyone thought Chalmers might as well write Cobb's name on the title to the touring car. Only a miracle, it seemed, could stop Ty from

winning. But baseball is a game of the unexpected, and Lajoie proved it in the closing double-header in St. Louis.

Larry collected eight straight hits—going four for four in each game. Unofficial averages from various sources conflicted as to who had won. The majority credited Lajoie with victory by the narrowest of margins.

However, there was more involved than making an official check of the averages. Eyebrows were raised when it was learned that seven of Lajoie's hits had been bunts. The other, a triple, had been made on a line drive which the St. Louis center fielder was alleged to have played in the manner of a schoolgirl.

Cobb was widely disliked. Within the player ranks, Lajoie was the popular choice to win the automobile.

The St. Louis third baseman and the manager, John O'Connor, were summoned to Chicago to appear at an investigation by Ban Johnson, president of the American League. Johnson wanted to know why the infielder had played deep on Lajoie all afternoon.

The infielder, who had played in only twenty-six major league games, was given a clean bill of health on the basis of inexperience. And O'Connor was exonerated after apparently giving sufficient reason for not moving his third sacker in to stifle Lajoie's bunting.

The episode came to a climax on the day of O'Connor's dismissal when official averages revealed Cobb had won the crown in spite of Lajoie's eight hits. The margin of victory was .00086. Cobb's average was .38494; Lajoie's, .38408.

With the approval of Johnson, Chalmers presented a second touring car to Lajoie. But in order to prevent a similar travesty in the future, the game's National Commission ruled that no such gifts for title-winning could be accepted after 1910.—Lew King

five walleyes which tipped the scales at 21 pounds out of Lake Norfolk. The next afternoon when it was just as hot, I lacked one getting my limit of white bass.

I'll admit, though, I didn't get any of these by casting. I was either trolling or still fishing deep. I did my sauger fishing nearly 60 feet deep, and the walleyes came out of 40 feet of water. Earl Bartlett caught one of the prettiest trophy walleyes I've ever seen still-fishing 85 feet down. He has also caught largemouth bass when everyone else said it was hopeless by fast trolling 10 and 12 feet deep.

It was Bartlett who convinced me that casting was poor gamble in hot weather. It was early September and sizzling hot, even on the green Ozark ridges. But I wanted to fish Norfolk and Earl was willing to take me. I was busy rigging up an outfit with my favorite top-water darter when I noticed Earl shaking his head.

"Now wait a minute," he frowned. "You wanta skish or fish?"

"Why, I want to fish, naturally," I answered, surprised.

"Well, throw away that top-water plug, then. We're gonna do some down-under trolling. That's where the fish are."

I was his guest so I couldn't very well argue with him. Three hours later I was glad I hadn't. We had as nice a string of jacks as a man could ask for. I think it was the only string that showed up at the dock all day. Earl had gone about the whole operation very scientifically. First we had gone up one of the ragged lake arms and moved out over the old creek channel. Then Earl had hauled out his thermometer and started checking temperature. He was looking for 65 to 70 degree water, and he found it nearly 40 feet down. That was where we did our trolling and that was where we caught our fish.

"In summer, I'm strictly a temperature fisherman," he explained afterward. "You're not gonna catch many fish of any kind where the water's over 85 degrees, and you're not gonna catch any spots, walleyes or jacks if it's much over 75 degrees. So I just go down till I find the right temperature, then, I fish there."

Bartlett's theory was all his own. But fishery biologists have definitely proven it was well founded. A few years ago after a series of very comprehensive experiments, TVA lake biologists concluded that temperature was the most significant single factor in the depth distribution of fish. The studies were conducted in Norris Lake over 15 different periods from March into October for two consecutive years. The researchers used eight-foot gill nets stretched from surface to bottom, and the catch was carefully tab-

ulated as to species, depths found, water temperature and dissolved oxygen content.

Significantly, most largemouth bass were taken in temperatures of 79 to 83 degrees; spotted bass ran from about 68 to 79 degrees; walleyes from 71 to 78 degrees; sauger from 62 to 72; drum from 68 to 77 and shad from 67 to 79 degrees. The depth distribution of the last may not seem important, but remember, shad constitute a major food source for game fish; as they go, so go the lunkers. Of course, a scattered few fish were caught at almost all temperature readings, but the big percentage fell in the above brackets. Similar experiments in Tygart Reservoir near Grafton, W. Va., showed that practically all largemouth, crappie and even bluegill were concentrated at water temperatures ranging from 78 to 80 degrees during summer months.

The TVA experiments proved conclusively that surface casting in midsummer is a good way *not* to catch fish. They proved that the same fish which romp about the surface in the spring may be lolling 50 feet down by August. For example studies showed that during March, April and May bigmouth bass were concentrated at the surface. In June several were taken near the surface, but the majority were netted at five to ten feet; by July there were still a few bass within five feet of the top, but by far the biggest concentrations showed up at depths ranging from 10 to 20 feet. In August and September only five bass were taken in the upper 10 feet of the lake; the rest were found at depths down to 35 feet. But in October, when the winter turnover of water began, the bass came back to surface.

Figures like that should convince any fisherman that surface-casting for bass in August and September isn't likely to fill many creels.

To catch spotted bass, one of the best little game fish in the country, you have to go deep earlier and stay longer. The TVA experiments indicated that spots stay in moderately deep water throughout the summer. In May the gill net catch was about evenly distributed between 8 and 20 feet. In June the concentration moved down to about 20 feet, and during July and August almost all were taken in 20 to 40 feet of water, with the biggest bunch staying at around 25 feet. From July through September only three spots were taken within 10 feet of the surface.

The summertime assemblage of walleyes and sauger apparently gathered even deeper. During the spring and early

summer walleyes were strung out pretty well from the surface down to 25 feet. But in the hot weeks of late July and August practically all were taken between 25 and 40 feet down. During September only three walleyes were taken in the upper 20 feet of net; several were found at 30 feet, but most had moved down to between 40 and 50 feet. But, like the bass, they spread out again in October, moving clear back up to the surface.

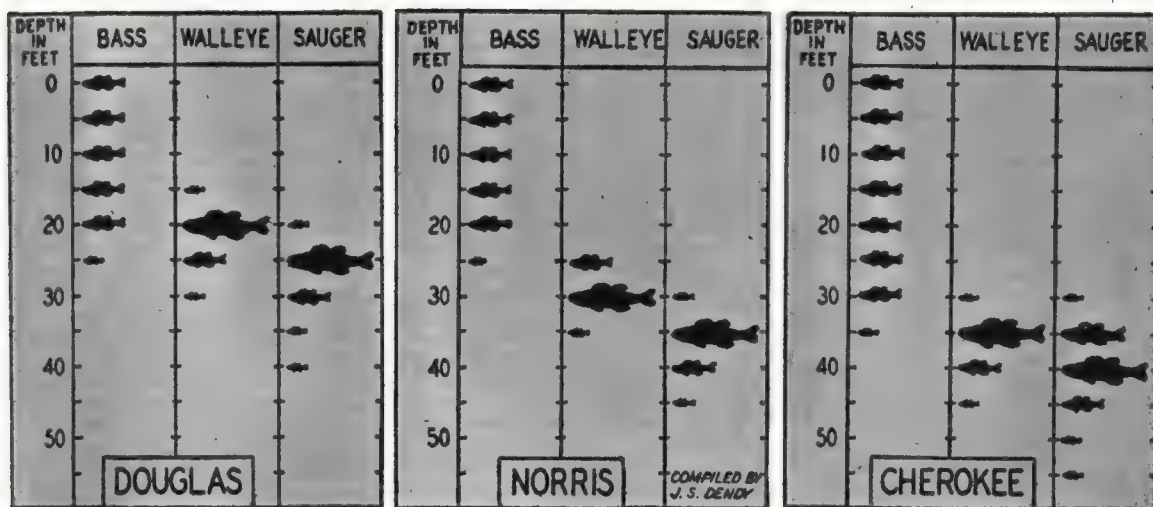
As for the sauger—you may call him sand-pike or jack—the biologists proved what many fishermen long ago discovered—that this little scrapper is strictly a deep-water citizen. Even in late March the fisheries men found very few sauger hanging around the surface. During the late spring there were plenty of sauger at 10 to 20 feet, but by mid-June they were bunched at around 30 feet, and by the shank-end of summer nearly all were netted in from 40 to 60 feet of water. More than a few were taken 80 feet down in late August.

During the Norris Lake depth distribution study more than 5,000 fish of nine different species were taken from March 17 to October 23. For the entire period *only 13 percent of the catch came out of the upper third of the lake, while a startling 62 percent came from the bottom third!* The remaining 25 percent came from the middle.

Desirable gamesters like the sauger, walleye and spotted bass all showed a distinct preference for deep water during the period. Seventy-five percent of the sauger, 62 percent of the spotted bass and 59 percent of the walleyes were taken from the bottom third of the lake. On the other hand only 7 percent of the sauger, 8 percent of the spots and 19 percent of the walleyes were taken in the top third. Surprisingly enough nearly half of the largemouth and smallmouth bass catches also came from the bottom third of the lake. Of the largemouth, 47 percent came from the bottom third and 37 percent from the middle third, while only 16 percent came from the top sector. The smallmouth breakdown was 46 percent from the bottom, 28 from the middle and 26 from the top. And this included the bass taken in March, April and May when surface casting is supposedly at its best!

True, this is only one lake, but similar studies in Tygart Reservoir, Herrington Lake, Ky., and the Great Lakes have uncovered the same general pattern of depth distribution. The actual footage may differ somewhat, but in all experiments fish showed a definite tendency to congregate at water temperatures they found

[Continued on page 76]



This is where Jack S. Dendy found the bass, walleye and sauger when he did a summertime survey on the depth distribution of fish in three TVA storage-type reservoirs.

Note that the bass is spread evenly from the top to 20 feet or more in depth throughout the three reservoirs while the walleye and sauger preferred deeper water.



TEN TIPS ON DRINKING

Continued from page 18

as his, and you will be a step ahead in intelligent drinking.

Also, by understanding just how liquor works in your system you will realize the wisdom of Dr. Leak's formula. When you eat something—ham, eggs, bread—it is first broken down, then treated by chemicals in the mouth. Next the food is acted upon by stomach acids and intestinal secretions. The elements which keep our bodies going—proteins, fats, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins—are finally lodged in the bloodstream, dispatched to various parts of the body and stored in different organs.

Not so with alcohol, which whisks through the bloodstream almost at once. It has no truck with saliva and stomach juices and, within a few seconds, races to all parts of the body.

The more you drink, the more the concentration of alcohol in the brain. That's because the brain is surrounded by a profusion of blood vessels. Twenty percent of the alcohol enters the blood stream immediately from the stomach; the other eighty per cent stops en route in the small intestine before entering the blood stream. Naturally, the more food in the intestine, the less the impact of the alcohol in the blood.

You dispose of your alcohol in two ways—about one-fifth by saliva, perspiration, urine. The remaining four-fifths is burned up at a constant rate. So, if you attain a beatific state, then cut down to one-fifth of your previous rate for each succeeding hour, as Dr. Leake suggests, and you will remain the happiest and healthiest drinker of the evening.

It is not wise to mix your drinks, not because of any difference in the content of the alcohol, but because of the varying mixtures which may go into a scotch and soda, a rye and ginger ale, a Martini, a Manhattan. That's what makes you sick.

You are also apt to become drunk more quickly if you drink immediately after exercise in which you have sweated a good amount of water out of your system. This is where a knowledge of your own weight and state of health has a bearing on how to drink intelligently, whether for business or pleasure.

The human body consists of 70 percent water. A 250-pounder has proportionately more water in him than a 100-pounder, everything being equal.

Hence, the big man has more water in him with which to dilute the liquor he imbibes. After heavy exercise you dehydrate yourself—the less water in you, the more effect the alcohol has. Oddly enough, nature has given us all alcohol in our blood, whether we are members of the temperance union or not. We have .0025 in the liver, .004 in the blood, and .0004 per cent in the brain, as the bacteria produce alcohol from sugar.

Likewise, nature produces liquor from all sorts of fermentable materials and has done so since the dawn of history. Whether it is arak in Malaysia, white rose in China, saki in Japan, okolehao in Hawaii, tequila in Mexico, or bourbon, in the U. S. A., liquor has always found its antecedents in nature. We should know something, then, about the kind of liquor we drink and the amount of alcohol in it, if we have any desire to last longer in this highly competitive age.

Wines, made from naturally fermented juices of fruits, may possess from 10 to 14 percent of alcohol when they are light. When distilled alcohol is added, as in sherry, port and muscatel, the alcohol content rises to from 18 to 20 percent. Beer in America has about 4 percent alcohol. In Germany, and other European nations, the percentage is higher. The Europeans incline towards wines and beers. Since they like to eat when they drink and drink when they eat, there is no liquor problem abroad.

"Americans drink to get drunk," observes Jack Townsend, president of the Bartenders Union of New York.

Unrestricted emphasis on whiskey and cocktails expedites intoxication. Whiskey, created from distilling grains, is aged and runs about 50 percent alcohol. Gin, made the same way, is not colored but has a similar kick. The word proof in relation to alcohol is derived from the early days of making whiskey when a beverage was poured on gunpowder. If the gunpowder burned, the beverage contained over 50 percent alcohol. Nowadays, if your stomach burns, you can appreciate the percentage. Anyway, for your own information, 100 proof means 50 percent alcohol.

As to the quantity in drinks, the average jigger you receive at a bar contains an ounce of alcohol, give or take a fraction. When you mix this in an eight-ounce highball glass, with ice or soda, you are helped by the dilution. But a cocktail is another matter entirely.

"We serve a Martini or a Manhattan in a 3½ ounce cocktail glass," says Al Dugas, headwaiter of Al Schacht's off Park Avenue in New York. "There's two ounces of gin in a Martini, besides French vermouth. It's more than twice as strong as a Scotch highball."

A man drinking four Martinis next to a lad sipping four highballs will never be able to keep the pace. Cocktails, moreover, are being mixed more potently each season. During the Civil War, the Martini had two parts vermouth to one part gin. During World War II, it was three parts to one part vermouth.

"Now," laments Tim Costello of the noted Third Avenue, New York, tavern, "they practically demand five parts gin to a flick of vermouth."

That kind of drinking can never be for the long haul and must interfere ultimately with the drinker's life and career.

Never mix your drinks with ginger ale or a sweet liquid if you can help it.

"The artificial substances in the sweet drinks make you ill," remarks John Boning, president of the Bartenders School of New York which has graduated 8,000 master mixologists in a generation.

Boning points out that drinking abroad is almost an automatic routine from childhood on—he himself, as a boy in Germany, drank beer with his milk when he was only five.

"Americans get weaned on alcohol later on, most of them first try with rye and ginger ale," he says. "They try it with ginger ale to make it more palatable, but it's a bad habit."

Liquor kept cold is always more palatable, Boning says. Keep it in the ice box for awhile and note the difference, he points out. He considers the Manhattan (rye and sweet vermouth) the toughest drink, followed by the Dry Martini (gin and French vermouth), the Moscow Mule (vodka and ginger beer), and the Rob Roy (scotch, sweet vermouth and bitters). Experts vary on which is the toughest. Again, this is an individual matter.

However, in England they have solved the problem simply. When the Dorchester Hotel was constructed in London, five cocktails were imbedded in the foundation for bartenders of a future, post-atomic era to examine. These included the Martini, the Manhattan, Sidecar (lemon, cuantro and cognac), the Bronx (orange juice, dry vermouth, sweet vermouth and gin), and the White Lady (lemon, curacao, gin and white of egg). There are also variations to these recipes, but the moral is that if you drink enough of them you, too, will be imbedded.

Every authority stresses that it is best to enjoy a pleasant attitude when you commence drinking. If you drink heavily with worries on your mind, you may be letting yourself in for trouble. Drinking is so psychological in many respects that often a man who doesn't drink liquor may, when in the company of drinkers, act intoxicated.

"This happened to me many times," the late Jack Curley, promoter of the Jess Willard-Jack Johnson heavyweight title and wrestling entrepreneur would often relate, "and people who saw me would never believe me later when I swore that I never touched a drop."

Young people, who are not used to drinking, are bound to get hit faster. Older drinkers, who have suffered hangovers, are more cautious, however, older drinkers who have been able to handle a good deal of liquor for years, reach a period when less gets them drunk. Others like to boast of their prowess.

"I once knew a great drinker," says Boning of the Bartenders School, "who, on a bet, once drank two eight-ounce glasses of brandy in a row."

"That man," he continues, "is now in the cemetery."

America's bar bill in 1953 will approximate 10 billion dollars. We will down about 2½ billions of gallons of beer, 200-

HANDS OFF THOSE DIAMONDS

000,000 gallons of distilled spirits and 150,000,000 gallons of wine. The trend is to more drinking in our homes.

"Home drinking, just after World War II," says Bartenders' Union head, Townsend, "was 30 percent of the total, with 70 percent in bars. Now it is exactly reversed."

The need for more intelligent drinking is, therefore, accentuated. A great deal of our current ignorance on the subject dates to the setback caused by prohibition from 1920 to 1933.

"It was Prohibition," says Townsend, "which sent people scurrying frantically to speakeasies. That's what made them forget all about the theory of gracious living—of wine and dining. Americans fell into poor drinking habits."

Legislation has always failed to curb drinking, in ancient as well as in modern times. One Chinese emperor banished the scholar who invented rice wine. Another was so indignant at the over-emphasis on drinking that he decreed any three men imbibing together needed a license. Mencius, one of Confucius' most erudite disciples, branded drinking as horrible a vice as infidelity, gambling and, of all things, chess-playing. But nobody has ever been able to legislate either sex or drinking out of existence.

Further, there are no standards which establish how much an individual can hold. Each is different. A few years ago, Hal Newhouser, the Detroit Tigers' left-hander, strolled into a Manhattan restaurant for an evening snack. The Tigers were to face the New York Yankees at the Stadium the next day.

"Hal drank more Martinis than I would like to mention," alleges one on-looker, "and he didn't leave until three in the morning." All the help in the joint ran to the bookies—to bet on the Yankees.

Newhouser not only hurled the next day, but he allowed the Yanks two hits. He proved not only that he could hold the Yankees, but that he could hold his liquor. He knew himself.

Babe Ruth had the sort of constitution which enabled him to finish a quart of scotch while bowling. Grover Cleveland Alexander was three-sheets to the wind when he struck out Tony Lazzeri in one of the greatest pitching exhibitions in World Series history.

But over-indulgence ruined Alexander and sent the late Hack Wilson, who holds the home run record in the National League to an early grave. It has wrecked careers in every line we know. That is why we should learn a set of commandments for drinking. It will save us from many a harsh mishap. Few of us merit the fortune of Donald Lee Cody of Pear Blossom, California.

Cody was hailed to court, completely soused, after the second race at Santa Anita this past winter. They found nine \$2 tickets on a 62 to 1 shot in his pocket.

"I don't remember buying the tickets nor where I got the tip," yelled Cody as he borrowed \$25 to bail himself out in order to dash to the track to collect more than \$1,135!

That drinking story has a happy ending, but it's only a long shot. You're better off when you know what you're doing. •



The town of Luderitz, in Southwest Africa, is so close to the fabulous Diamond Beach that every visitor is forced to register with the police and state his business.

To become rich today, all you have to do is visit a lonely 600 mile stretch of windswept beach, in Southwest Africa and scoop up a few handfuls of the most valuable sand in the world. Some freak accident of nature has strewn so many thousands of perfect diamonds on this desolate beach that it's practically impossible to dip your fingers into the sand without coming up with at least one gem worth anywhere from \$50 to \$5,000.

If you're bold enough to linger on the beach a few hours, you can find enough diamonds to net you from \$50,000 to \$100,000. Last year alone, approximately \$3,000,000 worth of gems were carried off.

Believe it or not, the Diamond Beach has never been exploited commercially.

The first catch is the location. The beach is surrounded on three sides by desert which you have to cross by foot. Not even a jeep would be able to climb the treacherous dunes or weather the sandstorms whipped up by the constant wind.

If a hardy soul tries to make the desert by foot, he'll find enemies to combat other than thirst, sun and sandstorms. Poisonous snakes, lizards, scorpions, tropical diseases—any of these can knock down the unwary or unlucky prospector. The desert route to the Diamond Beach is dotted with the bleached bones of those who have tried. The sea lane to the beach is almost as bad. All but the foolhardy steer clear of its treacherous reefs and tricky currents.

The second catch is the South African Government authorities who stand a constant vigil over the beach because they don't want the world's diamond market flooded. This accounts for a fierce, fast-striking camel corps composed of native soldiers, P-T boats, and even airplanes. The camel corps rides up and down the 600 mile stretch, alert for any signs of poachers. The P-T boats keep careful watch over the sea lanes, and the airplanes are on patrol above the beaches.

No one is allowed on the beach without an official permit, and these are practically impossible to obtain. If anyone without government sanction is found wandering on the beach or in the waters off the beach with so much as one diamond in his pocket,

he has the book thrown at him. The unfortunate poacher is fined up to \$5,000 and given a prison sentence of up to ten years.

Luderitz is the closest town to the Diamond Beach. It's a Godforsaken hole visited only by businessmen, sailors, or those planning to raid the Diamond Beach. When a visitor gets off the train or ship he is required to register with the police within 24 hours and state his business. If he doesn't, he is shipped out.

A smart poacher first cooks up a legitimate excuse for being in town, then gets police approval and takes a room in one of the town's two hotels. After going about his "business" for a few days, the visitor next slips out of town and walks about 25 miles to the Diamond Beach across the desert. If he's able to avoid the camel corps and P-T boats and airplanes, if he is not killed by some poisonous desert creature or smothered in a blinding sandstorm, he will get his diamonds.

But the difficulties actually have not yet begun. Unless the poacher has been smart, the police will have noticed his absence. But he has to be able to avoid more than the police. The permanent citizens of Luderitz are almost able to smell diamonds, and there have been cases where they have slit throats and asked questions later.

Finally, there is the problem of getting out of Africa. Customs men and South African C.I.D. relieve visitors of more than \$500,000 worth of diamonds every year. However, huge quantities of the precious gems are still snatched away from the Dark Continent by adventurers who are daring and clever enough. But the success stories don't get publicity. On the other hand, there are plenty of tales about those who have failed; the Customs and C.I.D. men have found diamonds hidden away in heels of shoes, under bandages, sewn into clothes.

It is because of these great risks and the heavy penalty that most men who know Southwest Africa stay away from the Diamond Beach. They have a saying that's worth passing on:

"Nobody ever fails to find diamonds on the Diamond Beach—but not enough people get away. It's a whale of a lot easier to work for your living."—David Cooke



DOUBLE INDEMNITY JAMES

Continued from page 51

him, was wide open for a proposition.

James and the girl drove out to Long Beach. There, in an amusement park, they ate hot dogs and rode the concessions; the better to condition themselves for activities later in the evening. Then James happened upon something that caused him to lose interest in his companion—a snake exhibit. The snakes in the exhibits were California rattlers and James stood there, ignoring the girl and looking at the snakes in fascination as they hissed and showed their stingers.

Late in the evening, James drove the girl back to a rooming house where she lived. "Ain't you comin' in?" she asked him. "No, Baby," said James. "Some-thin's come up. Some other time."

Next day, James' mind was preoccupied with outside matters as he lathered faces and snipped locks. Late in the afternoon in walked a customer by the name of Chuck Hope—a dopey Joe with a flat nose that he had come out of the Navy with. Hope had, for some time now, been broke and getting haircuts from James on the cuff. His profession was bread cutting in one-arm lunch rooms, but business was dull.

"Chuck," said James, "you owe me for some haircuts and now I want you to do somethin' for me."

"Just name it," said Hope.

"Here's twenty bucks. Take my car and go out to Long Beach to the fellow that runs a snake exhibit there and buy me a couple of rattlers. But make sure they're hot. Ask the man if they're hot."

"What does it mean hot?" asked Hope.

"It means they'll kill!"

It never occurred to Hope to ask James why he wanted the snakes until he parked in front of the barber shop with the snakes in a box. But now he asked, "I got a bet with a fellow," James explained. "I bet him fifty bucks a rattler could kill a chicken in fifteen minutes."

James told Hope to drop by in a couple of days.

"Look," said James a couple of days later, "I got somethin' special in mind for these snakes and you're in on it."

"You said you had a bet with a guy."

"Well, it's somethin' else."

"What is it?"

"I can't tell you right now, but there's plenty of money in it for you. Maybe even a couple of thousand."

"Count me in," said Hope. "Count me in. What I got to do?"

What Hope had to do was to start going to the James bungalow and pose as a doctor to Mary James. "Why I got to do that?" asked Hope.

"I said maybe there'll be a couple of thousand in it for you."

So James drove Hope out to the little bungalow in the Sierra Madre foothills and introduced him to his fifth wife as

a physician. The fact that Mary James was the perfect prototype of the dumb blonde cancelled out the fact that Chuck Hope was the prototype of a vagabond rather than of a doctor.

After dinner, James and Hope and the fifth wife, who liked to drink, sat around punishing a bottle. "You don't look so good," said Hope to Mrs. James, practically reading lines supplied by James.

"Oh, I feel fine," said Mrs. James.

"But you don't look good. You pregnant or somethin'?"

Yes, Mrs. James said she was expecting. Now James got into the act. "What's the matter, Doctor?" he inquired of Hope. "Do you think it will be dangerous for her to have a baby?"

"Yup," said Hope. "Very dangerous."

The spurious physician went home with James for several nights running. Each night, after dinner, it was always the same—a bottle, and talk about how dangerous it would be for Mary James to have a baby. One night Hope listened to Mrs. James' heart and felt her pulse. "Stick out your tongue," he said. After Mrs. James stuck out her tongue, Hope turned to James and said, "I'm afraid I'll have to operate."

On Saturday night, August 3—two weeks after Bob James and the former Mary Busch had been legally married—James said to Mary, "Honey, let's the two of us get a load on." So they got a load on. Every once in a while, Mary James would doze off, but James awakened her at intervals, all night long, to force another drink into her.

Early on Sunday morning, about 10 o'clock, James telephoned to Hope. "Come on out, I got somethin' in mind."

When Hope arrived, he saw Mary James lying face up on a kitchen table. She was strapped to the table and there was a bandage over her eyes and tape over her mouth. "She's drunker'n hell," James explained to Hope. "Go out in my car and bring in the box of snakes."

"What you goin' to do?" asked Hope.

"This is where you make the two thousand dollars," said James.

"You mean you're goin' to let the snakes bite her?"

"That's the idea."

"Count me out," said Hope. "Count me out. I ain't goin' to get mixed up in nothin' like that."

That's what Hope thought. But James pointed out that since Hope had bought the rattlers he was in on things whether he liked it or not. "You ain't got a choice. Now go out and bring them in."

When Hope returned with the box, he just stood by, while James stuck his wife's left foot into the box. "Well," James said, after a while, "that's over with. Let's go to the garage and have a drink."

Several hours passed. Every once in a

while James would go into the house and return with bad news. "She's still alive. I wonder why she's still alive. You're absolutely sure Snake Joe told you those snakes were hot?"

"Oh, absolutely. Absolutely."

Late in the afternoon, Hope went in to take a look at Mary James. The blonde was half awake. "Is it all over?" she asked Doctor Hope. "Yeah," said Doctor Hope. "it's all over."

"But it don't hurt where it should," said Mrs. James. "My big toe stings."

Hope went back to the garage to impart the bad news to James. "Damned if I can figure this out," James said.

Now Hope recalled that he had once heard that whiskey was good for snake bites and that maybe the snake poison hadn't taken effect because of the large quantity of antidote that Mrs. James had consumed before she was bitten. James, who had heard the whiskey story too, just stood there looking at Hope. "I got to be going," said Hope. "I got to attend to somethin' at home. My wife'll be sore if I don't show up."

James told Hope to stand by for another phone call. Then he went in and kissed his fifth wife and handed her a pen and a piece of paper and told her to write down what he told her to write. What she wrote was a letter to a sister. James took it and put it on a table where it would be sure to be seen and then gave her a couple of drinks.

James didn't phone Hope, and Hope returned to the bungalow about one o'clock on Monday morning. "Damn it," James said, "she's still alive."

"Is she awake?" asked Hope.

"No, I got her plastered again. She's out like a light."

"What you figure on doin'?"

"I ain't made up my mind yet."

James made up his mind around four o'clock. He went in, filled a bath tub, and placed his wife in it and held her head under the water. When she was dead, he went out to the garage and told Hope what he had done. "Come on in and help me carry her out here," he said, "before it gets daylight. We'll put her in the lily pond there face down and it'll look like she got dizzy and drowned."

James was in his shop all day on the Monday, opening up the place at 8:30 and staying until about six. Then he drove out to La Canada with a fellow and his girl who were friends of Mary's. Mary had had dizzy spells because of her approaching motherhood, and had suffered fits of depression, and he wanted to cheer her up by the unexpected appearance of her two friends. But of course Mary James, lying there in the lily pond, was in no condition to be cheered up.

In the house, James came upon the note Mary had written. "Well if this won't break your heart," he said to the other fellow. "Just read this."

The note said that Mary was going through another blue Monday. A spider had bitten her on the toe. But everything would be all right; her Daddy would be home that night to cheer her up.

"Don't that break your heart, though?" James said to the fellow.

A couple of deputy sheriffs, who seem not to have been overly suspicious men, decided that Mary James had, in a fit of dizziness induced by her pregnancy, fallen into the lily pond and been drowned. A physician was summoned to look at the girl's left leg, which was badly discolored and swollen. "She could have been bitten by a black widow spider," said the physician, "but I'm not sure."

The deputies read the note that Mary James had left. Since she had apparently written the note on the Monday, the deputies concluded that she had died on the Monday. James could easily establish that he had been in his barber shop from half past eight on the Monday morning until closing time.

And then James ran into a choice chunk of good fortune. A retired English Army Major, a sort of a Colonel Blimp type, who lived behind the James bungalow, had, at half past nine on the Monday morning, been burning rubbish in his back yard. The Major, peering over a tall hedge, said that he had seen Mrs. James walking near the lily pond at that time. Of course he had seen no such thing for Mrs. James had been lying in the lily pond at half past nine. Just why the Major so clearly recalled something that he couldn't possibly have seen was one of those totally inexplicable things that cause prosecutors to lose their appetites, but which make defense mouthpieces very happy indeed.

So the District Attorney wrote the death of Mary James off as accidental and Bob James buried his fifth wife.

James moved out of the bungalow in La Canada because, as he explained to his Colonel Blimp neighbor, he couldn't bear to be in the place any more, and rented another bungalow in Los Angeles. There he established residence with a young niece of his, whom he had brought on from Alabama.

Now the insurance companies balked at paying him \$10,000 each on the grounds that the policies on his wife had been taken out before he was legally married to her. Hope, his co-conspirator, began to dun him for the \$2,000 that he had been promised for his contribution to the end of Mary James. James not only stalled Hope, but began to get nasty with the man. Hope, a sensitive fellow, was deeply wounded at such treatment. One day he went into a groggery for the purpose of adding fuel to an already brightly-burning inner flame and started to babble something about a woman being thrown into a goldfish pond so her husband could collect insurance.

A few months after the death of Mary James, Bob James brought suit against the two insurance companies to collect what was coming to him. The papers naturally carried the story, and the man who had heard Hope babbling wondered if Bob James could have been the man Hope had babbled about. The question began to prey on his mind.

One of the insurance companies made an out-of-court settlement with James; it paid him \$3,500. The second company said to hell with James. It went to court with the suit and got a verdict in its



YOU CAN BUILD THIS GARDEN CHAIR

Here is an exceptionally attractive garden chair that a novice can easily build without upsetting his bank balance.

The original chair was designed and made by an Arizona Indian who used only willow and rawhide for construction materials.

To make the chair, select willow of the sizes indicated by the drawing and peel off all the bark. Next, follow these steps in construction:

1) Hoops—Select two flat strips and make

two hoops, one for the seat and one for the base, each 17" in diameter. To join the ends of the hoops together, cut a lap joint, then bind it with rivets.

2) Lattice—The diamond pattern is formed by joining the two hoops with round sections of willow. Those attached to the inside of the hoops slant one way while those attached to the outside slant the other way. They are held in place by two thicknesses of rawhide thongs running through holes drilled in the hoops. The holes should be $3\frac{3}{4}$ " apart.

3) Seat—The seat is made of rawhide and is attached when wet. It should be laced on the underside to bring it taut.

4) One back and two side supports—These are next nailed in place to the hoops.

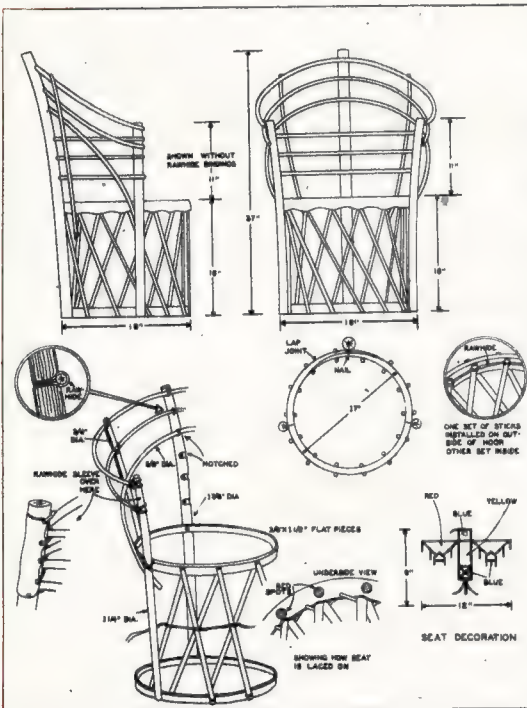
5) Backrest rungs—These are made of bent willow rods and are held in place by rawhide thongs. Precise dimensions for spacing are not necessary.

6) Bracer rods—Two of these are lashed to the backrest rungs and the lattice work for extra support.

7) Rawhide sleeves—Bind rawhide sleeves over the ends of the backrest rungs. You may use nails whenever a joint is to be covered with rawhide. There should, however, be no exposed nail heads when the chair is finished because when the wood dries out nail heads may project and catch on clothing.

To finish the chair from the raw wood stage, coat it with clear shellack or spar varnish to protect it from the weather and discourage cracking. An appropriate design, an eagle for example, and a rim of dots may be painted on the seat as a final touch.

—Hi Sibley



labor, so that it didn't have to pay James anything. So there was poor old Bob with only \$3,500 when he had expected to collect \$20,000—and owing two thousand to Hope, who was getting nastier and nastier. James had run afoul of the law of diminishing returns.

One day, seven months after the death of Wife Number Five, Bob James was in his shop, cutting a man's hair, when he happened to glance out into the street and notice something particularly tasty standing on the corner of Eighth and Olive. He dropped his scissors, took off his barber's coat, put on his jacket and was on his way out when the customer he had been working on asked, "Hey, what about my haircut?" "To hell with your haircut," said James.

James, standing there in the center of Eighth and Olive Streets, made the most serious mistake of his life. He propositioned the wrong girl. She screamed for a cop and a cop, curiously enough, came running. Bob James was pulled in for disturbing the peace and fined 50 dollars.

Now the roof really fell in on Double Indemnity Bob. The man to whom Hope had babbled about a girl being in a fish pond imparted his vague suspicions to a friend. The friend passed the story on to Pat Foley, a veteran reporter of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. And Pat Foley had a talk with Assistant District

Attorney Eugene D. Williams—a pleasant, chubby man, who was later to make a name for himself as a special prosecutor for the War Department in Tokyo following the close of the last World War.

What Pat Foley told Assistant District Attorney Williams made sense—suspicious sense. An investigator for the insurance company that had gone to bat with James had just been in, talking to District Attorney Buron Fitts, suggesting to Fitts that he could do worse than assign somebody to make a three-dimension probe of the death of Mary James. The insurance company dick had, at long last, connected James as being the same boy who had collected emotional balm on his nephew and on his third wife.

All Assistant D. A. Williams had about Hope was the man's last name—and there were a lot of Hopes in Greater Los Angeles. But Williams had a good pair of ears, the better to listen over a dictograph.

District Attorney Fitts, a man who could spot a headline before it came off the presses, decided to give the investigation into James the full-dress treatment. So he had a man pose as a stranger in town and rent the bungalow next door to the one where James was holed up with his niece. One day Fitts' boys wired the place and sat around next door, listening to James getting the whip out.

Although James was now almost 40, he was still studding away like a young bull. He was sending his niece out to the

movies at night and entertaining somebody different almost every night. The D. A. had a dick planted in the living room of the James bungalow and one in the bedroom. So the boys listening in the house next door missed nothing. Even the cracking of the whip came over the wire to be recorded on records that were played privately for years and which eventually became collectors' items.

Interesting as James' behavior was, it wasn't the kind of stuff that was pertinent to a murder probe. So, other men started tracking down all the Hopes in Greater Los Angeles. Eventually they came to the Hope they were looking for, slicing bread in a lunch wagon at Hermosa Beach.

Hope cracked wide open. When Double Indemnity James was picked up, he cracked too, but not entirely. He laid the actual murder to Hope, but it was Hope who, turning State's evidence so that he would get life instead of the death penalty, really buttoned up the case against James.

Double Indemnity Bob James carried his case all the way to the United States Supreme Court. It wasn't until May of 1942, almost seven years after he had dropped his fifth wife into the lily pond, that he went to the gallows in San Quentin. Even then he became a man of distinction—the last man to die on the gallows in the Golden State. Since then they've been gassing 'em. •



CARNERA: THE GIANT COMES BACK

Continued from page 23

Big Boy Peterson at Madison Square Garden. Fifteen thousand fans paid over \$60,000 to watch him knock out Big Boy in the first round. Feature columns rejoiced, but hardened sportswriters saw fixer Duffy's mark on the match.

"The fight was one of the worst fakes ever perpetrated here," wrote one. "Primo came out, scowled, made a few passes, and Peterson swooned."

Preem's other fights followed that pattern. Fighting in different cities he scored 16 knockouts in as many fights. What's even more remarkable is that the action in all of these bouts adds up to only 36 rounds. Most were knockouts that happened in the first or second round. One ran to six.

How was it done? Simple, when you remember these were still Prohibition days and Owney Madden represented The Mob. Opponents like Bearcat White, Roberto Roberti and Man Mountain Erickson found themselves visited before the fight by a couple of Madden's snap-brim bodyguards. "Ya know what ya gotta do tunite, bum," they'd snarl. "So be sure ya do it."

There is no record that any of Preem's opponents were shot or taken on gangland rides. But the threat of violence was ever-present. In Philadelphia fighter Ace

Clark showed signs of standing up to the Man Mountain. A mug appeared in his corner, poked the gun menacingly in his ribs and told Clark what he was going to do with it, unless. . . . Ace cooperated by tumbling in the next round.

Occasionally there was a slip-up. Also in Philadelphia, George Godfrey did his best to receive a knockout Carnera punch. He couldn't, and in desperation he finally fouled Carnera, to lose. As he crawled out of the ring, a reporter asked, "Seriously, George, can the big fellow punch?"

"Couldn't even muss a hair on my head," Godfrey answered.

Madden's bodyguards heard. They followed Godfrey to his dressing room, to which reporters were shortly summoned. In visible terror Godfrey told them, "What a murderous hitter that big white man is. I ain't never seen the like. My goodness, how he can hit. Greatest hitter I ever met in my life."

Preem's most dubious victory came in Oakland, California. There Bombo Chevalier found him an easy opponent, and decided to win. His seconds had orders. As they worked over Bombo, they warned him to tank or have his heart blown out. He kept on fighting—until his seconds rubbed oil of mustard in his eyes. When

it started to burn, Bombo was easily knocked down. At the count of eight, he tried to get up. His seconds tossed in the towel.

Carnera shakes his head about it today. At best he was thoroughly bewildered, and that's exactly how experts recall him—a bewildered giant.

"Why not?" one asks. "He had the best bewilders in the world working on him." Still, Da Preem always retained great faith in himself as a fighter. "How do you like Los Angeles?" a manicurist asked him once. "I knock him out in two rounds," Carnera answered.

No matter what took place around him, Carnera remained doggedly set on becoming champion. He kept in trim and stayed out of night spots and feminine entanglements. Though his bouts seldom lasted more than a round or two, he actually seemed to learn from each.

One sportswriter commented, "He's had more questioned fights than any man alive, but the funny part is that he has now developed into a pretty good fighter."

Preem got to be champ by another accident. In 1933 he met Ernie Schaaf in the Garden. He delivered the celebrated Carnera tap on the chin and Ernie spilled to the canvas. The crowd howled "Fake," but Schaaf stayed down. Three days later he was dead—not so much from Carnera's punch as from the delayed results of a murderous blow from hard-hitting Max Baer.

World's champ Jack Sharkey was an unloved guy and Schaaf had been

one of his few friends. He decided to avenge Ernie by licking Carnera—and make a neat bundle of dough at the same time.

Like many bright ideas, this misfired. A chance at the championship seemed to galvanize Preem. "He was for once a dangerous, fierce, destructive human animal," says a 1933 account. In the fifth round Sharkey slipped and fell. It seemed to unnerve him. His timing was off, arms heavy. In the sixth, Preem landed the big one. For doing this, and winning the title, he got only \$360. The gate at the fight was \$300,000, but Madden and Duffy took Preem's share, tossing him only the few hundred.

Still, Preem was happy as champ. "Was a great feeling," he tells you with a wide grin. It lasted only a year. He successfully defended his title twice, against Paulino Uzcudun and Tommy Loughran. Showing up to collect a \$15,000 purse for the Loughran fight, he found it had been garnished to pay Bill Duffy's nightclub debts.

Even so, Preem was not bitter. Though the money he got from The Mob was only a fraction of what he earned, it was far more than he would have made as a stonecutter, he figured. Preem may have been rooked right and left, or in his own words "taken for a long walk," but every time he journeyed back to Italy, he had money to put in the bank. "It made lotta liras, lotta liras," he tells you today.

In June 1934, Preem, as world's champion, fought Max Baer at Long Island City. The magic that had been his in the same place exactly a year before was missing now. Baer laid him low ten times before the referee stopped the slaughter. "Carnera showed enormous courage," was the only good thing the newspapers could say about the champ's poor performance.

The trip down was a lot faster than the way up had been. Next Joe Louis cut him to bits. Now fans were tired of the monster—the novelty had worn off. The Mob was sick of him too. O'wney Madden was fighting to keep himself out of Sing Sing. Bill Duffy and Good Time Charlie were looking for another meal ticket. Leon See, whom Madden had come to dislike violently, was back in France.

At his 1935 fight with Leroy Haynes, Preem's handlers were so indifferent they sent him in the ring without a mouthpiece. Haynes' blows paralyzed the tired behemoth's side. Like Ernie Schaaf, he was carried from the Garden ring to the nearby Polyclinic Hospital.

There he lay for months. Disillusionment set in. No one came to see him. Not Madden, Duffy, Friedman, or any of the others who had bled him white. Practically the only person who did visit him was Jack Dempsey, whom Preem had never met. The Manassa Mauler's visit almost redeemed Preem's faith in human nature, and today his eyes fill as he tells of it.

But it wasn't enough. Lying alone in the hospital, Carnera bitterly decided he had been taken in by crooks and chiselers.



In 1937 he went back to Italy—this time on crutches and, he thought to stay.

In 1946 he came back to America—sorry that he'd ever left. True, he was now happily married and the father of two thriving kids. But he had refused to collaborate with the Germans who controlled northern Italy, and for four years had been kept digging trenches for the conquerors.

Worse than that, Italian bankers had used the confusion of war to steal his "lotta-liras," just as Madden and Duffy had done over here.

Preem was further in favor of the United States because he was remembered here. During his ten-year absence wrestling, the world's oldest sport, had turned into a sideshow. At least ten promoters had been hit by the same idea—get Carnera. An amazed Preem got a fistful of offers as soon as the war ended. A superstitious fellow who believes in good luck, he spread them all on a table, circled a frankfurter-size finger in the air and dropped it on one. That he picked.

Preem's good luck has not only helped him re-establish himself but indirectly it has done the same for wrestling. After his return to this country, he was taken on a tour of South America by an ex-

wrestler named Toots Mondt, who is currently the top promoter in the business. The tour was no success, for there were few opponents large enough to grapple Carnera. "I don't understand this what you call Spanish," Mondt says, "but I got to notice that them fans was always calling out Rocca, Rocca, Rocca." He investigated these calls and found they meant Antonino Rocca, the Argentine Fireball.

On the same trip he found in Rio a handsome young man named Gene Stanlee, who had been called by Gene Tunney the finest physical specimen he had ever seen. Mondt quickly signed both Rocca and Stanlee, known as Mr. America. Together with Carnera, they became the box-office attractions that, along with television, have made wrestling what it is today.

As a wrestler, Preem has steadily improved. "Most people don't know it," a promoter tells you, "but what a wrassler really needs is endurance wind. To be good he's gotta last, and the big guy sure can last."

Announced as The One and Only Primo Carnera, the 46-year-old Preem strides to the ring attired in an expensive, gaudy robe. He weighs 275, just what he did when he fought for the heavyweight

boxing championship. "Doesn't carry an extra ounce on him," boasts Hardy Kruskamp, a wrestler who doubles as Preem's business manager.

Every successful wrestler—and make no mistake, Preem is successful—needs showmanship. Preem's most successful act is threatening to use his fist. This, of course, is not officially permitted in wrestling. "But," say fans, "wrestling rules are elastic." Some grapplers do use fists, and the sight of the one-time heavyweight champion of the world with his mighty fist hauled back sends crowds into pleasant panics. Preem has yet to hit anyone, but just the thought of it is enough to keep the crowds expectantly happy.

Preem wrestles almost nightly, spending only the summer months and Christmas holidays with his wife, son, and daughter in a 17-room house in Beverly Hills. Says Hardy Kruskamp, "He knows the forty-eight states the way a kid knows his backyard." Makes money at it, too. The One and Only Preem draws gates ranging from \$10 to \$30,000, of which he gets five to 10 per cent. In his first couple of years wrestling, he averaged

\$100,000 a year. Now that fans are more accustomed to him, he makes about half that.

After several years of being managed by wrestling promoters, Carnera broke loose. Now for the first time since Paul Journee spotted him, he actually owns himself. He and Kruskamp make all deals, and the money goes straight into Preem's pocket. He will probably continue this way, for old wrestlers never die, nor do they fade away. Jim Londos and other perennials are still at it today. So Preem faces the future. To some men a job that leaves so little time with wife and family might not be worth the money. But to a fellow who has been on the go since he was 14 years old, staying at home doesn't seem to be a normal way of life.

Carnera and Kruskamp travel by car. They start for the next town as soon as one bout is finished. This usually requires a long drive under star-studded skies. It's a time when a man opens up and spills his inner thoughts, and you might expect that one night Carnera would say, "Y'know, I got a bad break, being a big guy like this."

He never has. "Sometimes it's lousy,

but usually okay," is the closest he comes. Kruskamp says, "He's got an adjusted attitude toward his size. He doesn't like people staring at him the way they do. But he knows if he wasn't so big, he wouldn't be where he is."

Sometimes as Preem drives through the starry nights his thoughts turn backward to his heavyweight boxing championship and the leeches who bled him while he held it. Whether he realizes it or not, his life since then has been a case of poetic justice.

For Owney Madden is an exile from New York City, reputedly tubercular. Leon See is a bitter old man, living out his last years in France. Good Time Charlie is still around, a small-time promoter whose only claim to fame is his early connection with Carnera. Duffy is planted, dead.

Da Preem ticks them off on massive fingers, then leans back comfortably in the seat.

"I'm better off than all a them guys," he says after awhile. As he says it, a look of contentment settles on his massive face and his thoughts leave the almost-forgotten past and return to the happy present. •



HOW TO DRIVE A ROAD RACE

Continued from page 30

There's a lot to see if you know where to look. If the course is new to me, I watch for corduroy surfaces on the inside of turns. I decide how fast I can go over the rough spots, or whether I can go around them without losing time and momentum. I look along the roadside for loose dirt that may be thrown onto the course during the race and cause the wheels to lose traction. If necessary, I run two or three laps to decide on the best route.

When I feel I've uncovered the tricky spots, I come back to the pits. Dave and I make a final check of the car—oil leaks, tire pressures, and so on. Then I make a second run for speed, carefully watching the tachometer, oil pressure, and water temperature. By this time I've estimated my speeds on various parts of the course.

I come down the straight at top speed, keeping well to the outside of the road when I approach a turn. To slow down in the turn, I hit the brakes and throttle, and shift down to third gear. As I engage the clutch, I let off on the brakes, using the engine to cut speed instead of burning up the brakes.

On sharp turns where the road is rough, or the surface slants outward, I go through the same process twice, ending in second gear.

At a certain point, depending on the type of corner, I start applying power to get speed for the straight as quickly as possible. Naturally, you should try to save your engine as much as you can, but you have to apply full throttle coming out of turns during practice to determine

exact, split-second cornering technique.

Most road courses have one or more "S" bends of varying degrees of sharpness. I found in one race that I was able to pick up 30 to 50 feet on the car behind me while driving through this type of turn. Instead of following the curve of the road, I made a straight line out of it by dropping into the dirt on each side, hoping the tires and suspension would see me through. S-bends which are too sharp for a straight run should be taken as normal corners.

High speed corners require a different technique. Instead of turning normally, the driver should give the steering wheel a flip. As he applies power and flips the wheel, the tires lose traction just enough to set the car in a sideways drift around the bend. But it takes a good car and a delicate hand to accomplish this at 80 to 120 mph. Anything can go wrong. Too much power and the rear wheels lose traction, causing a loss of time while the driver corrects; or a complete spin out results. Too much speed and the car runs out of road into the haybales. These risks a racer must take.

Always, on the starting line, the driver should force himself to forget all preparations and relax. Tight, tense muscles will only slow his reactions and tire him.

A comfortable driving position can save a driver's energy, too. I like to sit well back from the steering wheel, my arms almost straight out so my shoulders

take some of the load. The seat should be slightly raised off the floor for better visibility, and I prefer my legs to be just about straight out when the pedals are pushed to the floor.

When the starter's flag falls, a driver has two different theories of race strategy to put into use. Some hold back in the beginning of a race and save their "bid" for the last minute, but I have always tried to get into the first turn ahead of all the traffic. If I can do this, I have ten or more laps of open road to drive on before I start lapping the smaller and slower cars. I much prefer to drive all-out so long as the engine will hold together.

Just because you have learned the road in practice doesn't mean you can afford to be overconfident. Things change in a race. A car can spill gas, oil, or water on the road in front of you and send you spinning into a ditch.

I've come up to a corner at top speed to find I had absolutely no brakes. The brake cylinder had broken. There were only two things to do. Go straight ahead, or turn. If I had turned, which would be the natural reaction, the car would have rolled when it skidded into the dirt beside the road. So I went straight ahead off the road and finally got stopped, damaging the car some but saving my neck. Another time I broke a wire wheel in a fast S-bend. That's one of the things you can do little about except fight to a stop.

As if accidents weren't enough to think about, you've got to watch the other drivers and their pit crews, and not be fooled by their strategy. In one race I finally passed the leading car. His pit crew immediately chalked "slow" on their signal board and held it up, ostensibly for their driver but actually to confuse our team.

Road racing a sports car is like hurrying in a passenger car over an ice-covered mountain road. It's dangerous and it requires a lot of skill—but it's fun. •



HERE THEY'RE ROUGH ON MILLIONAIRES

Continued from page 39

far from any road or habitation. Most of them were so small that they didn't show on even the wall-size maps in government offices. Even today the section hasn't been surveyed enough to get these lakes properly mapped.

There are, of course, many thousands of square miles of virgin wilderness in Canada. The reason Stearns began thinking about the Nehalliston area was that he noticed one lake, called Bonaparte, which was 14 miles long. Planes could easily land and take off there. There were plenty of bush pilots and seaplanes nearby on the Thompson River airport at Kamloops. There would be fabulous fishing at Bonaparte and the many smaller lakes, still unnamed, around it.

After the war Stearns got a job with a management engineering firm in San Francisco. But he kept dreaming of the deep, silent forests north of Kamloops. Finally he went to Victoria and chatted with government officials. Then he browsed around Kamloops, pumping everyone he could draw into conversation. He ranged out to distant farms, making friends with backwoodsmen who had frequently hired out as guides.

"Why hasn't anybody built a camp in the Nehalliston?" he kept asking. "A camp accessible only by plane, among lakes that have never been fished."

He was told that such a camp would be too hard to build. You couldn't move enough equipment in by air. You couldn't get enough guests to make it pay.

There was not a single fishing camp in British Columbia operated entirely by air. Everyone seemed to think that this proved there *couldn't* be one.

Canadian forests are almost entirely Crown Land. This means that no private owner can take title, but anyone may get a Camp Site Permit entitling him to build a camp in them for private profit. The permit must be renewed annually, but this is virtually automatic.

Stearns discovered that he could obtain such a permit from the Provincial Game Department. However, such a camp would cost much more to build than he possessed or could borrow.

Instead of trying to build a camp immediately, he merely organized a hunting and fishing party, to go as far out of Kamloops as he could get by truck and on foot. To rustle up customers beforehand, he persuaded Alex Vinnie, a veteran Cariboo guide, to catch three trout and send them to San Francisco as samples. They turned out to be whoppers, 16 to 20 pounds apiece. Stearns showed them at the Sportsman's Show, and had no trouble signing up all the paid-in-advance guests he could handle.

The trip into the Cariboo was a success. The 27 men got 27 moose and strings of big trout. When Stearns told

his companions about his vision of a deluxe lodge in the wilderness, they immediately wanted reservations and offered cash deposits on the spot.

With the profit he had cleared, and the customers he could count on, Stearns was in position to start building his camp. So he started. But operations did not proceed according to plan.

By the following June, Stearns and his crew of hired guides were chopping down the first tree only three days before the first batch of guests was due. He was weeks behind schedule, due to squabbles with the Canadian government and delays in receiving supplies.

By the time he finally started clearing ground, Stearns was ready to murder any man in his crew who wouldn't work non-stop to knock together a camp in time for the guests. Somehow, in those three days and nights, he built small guest cabins, each with a wood stove. He put up a cook shack, and a landing float to take passengers off the plane. By the time the first guests arrived, he was in business.

His guests found the camp somewhat less luxurious than they had expected. There were not enough cabins nor even mattresses. Men who had paid \$250 for a week's stay were sleeping on the ground and eating canned beans. The stillness of the deep woods, which Stearns had described enticingly, was destroyed all day by hammering and sawing as he and his crew built the main lodge.

Guests and guides alike slept late every morning because they spent long hours either fishing or working, right up to the end of the long northern twilight about 9:30 p.m. Therefore Stearns' emotion was

understandable when, at 5 o'clock one morning, he heard someone bellowing and laughing and firing a gun outside his tent. Stearns crawled out of bed and went forth in high gear.

The disturber of the peace was a well-known banker. He had spent the night drinking quietly in his cabin, but at dawn his mood had changed and he felt that it was high time for everyone in camp to be up and doing.

When he saw Stearns rush out, he threw back his head and whooped with laughter. Stearns slapped the laugh off his face. The banker thereupon shifted the rifle in his hands as if some other idea had occurred to him.

Stearns didn't wait to see. He tore the gun out of the other man's grip and broke it over the nearest tree stump.

"That's what I'll do to you, if you ever wake us up again," Stearns snapped.

The fishing was good all summer. If fish weren't biting at one lake, they were at another. Anybody who kept trying different spots with different lures could usually bring in his limit.

Apparently the fishing was what kept several obnoxious guests in camp after Stearns had laid violent hands on them. One merchant prince kept complaining because the fish weren't all as big as he had expected. This got on Stearns' nerves. Finally he took the merchant by the shirt and threatened to knock him lopsided if he uttered another word. The man believed this so thoroughly that he maintained complete silence for the rest of the week.

Shortly after that a big executive talked his way into the lake. A very shapely girl was in camp with her parents. One afternoon, after she had been reading in a hammock, she strolled out on the dock where Bob Stearns and the executive were talking. He looked meaningfully at her and said, "The hammock must've got tired, holding those up." Stearns pitched him into the water before the girl had time to blush. The executive



"If I had a bathing suit like that when I was a girl, you'd be six years older."

apologized afterwards and everyone remained friendly.

A pretty-boy adman was the next victim of the rough and ready ways of the camp. He showed up at the camp with three changes of sports clothes for every day. Stearns had told him, as he tells everyone before they come, that his was not a dress-up camp. So the guides took over, picked the adman up and heaved him into the lake—just after he had showered and changed clothes for the second time that day. While he was climbing out of the water, they hid all his good clothing and substituted the most beat-up clothes in camp. He took the hint and developed into a companionable roughneck.

Then there was the time an eminent lawyer tried to flirt with the wives. They laughed, so Stearns restrained himself. But when the attorney tried to slide an arm around Stearns' wife, the tranquillity of the camp was broken instantaneously.

Mrs. Stearns and the lawyer were sitting in front of a small cookstove, on which was a pail of hot water. Stearns put his foot up and tilted the pail into the lawyer's lap. "Don't ever touch her again," Stearns said.

"Get me a plane," the lawyer said. "I want to get out of here."

"You don't like the way I run my camp?"

"It's a fraud. High prices, lousy fishing, bum accommodations—"

Stearns pulled him to his feet, frog-walked him to the lake's edge, and pitched him in. "Be ready to leave in 45 minutes," Stearns said when his head broke water. "I'll have a plane for you."

Stearns thought better of it while he was trying to radio Kamloops for an air taxi. He realized how badly his bankroll would be dented if he refunded \$250 and ordered a special plane. He had spent heavily all summer, trying to entertain his millionaire guests in the style to which they were accustomed. He had installed hot-water showers, modern toilets, ex-

pensive rowboats on the outlying lakes, a motorboat and jeep to carry guests who disliked walking or rowing. He had provided T-bone steaks in pack lunches, and coffee in bed for those who requested it. He had hired guides in a ratio of one for every two guests.

As Stearns thought it over, he realized that he just could not afford to send a guest home. But the guest, not knowing this, apologized to Stearns. Naturally, Stearns let himself be persuaded not to send for the air taxi.

Stearns wound up the season with a tiny profit. The next year was better. He didn't throw anybody into the lake. He did threaten one tycoon who said that Stearns' dog was dumb, and another who claimed to sleep cold every night, but both men piped down after Stearns bawled them out.

Nevertheless, Stearns had his troubles.

Two sportsmen checked in from Bellingham, Washington. They were friendly, and Stearns took a great liking to them. He mentioned annoyances he had suffered from "Canadian customs snoops," and explained with glee how he had outwitted them by sneaking a few fishing rods and 60 packs of cigarettes past them without paying duty.

Then one day the two Bellingham guests came around with a sad story. They'd run out of the liquor they'd asked Stearns to get for them, they said. Wouldn't he sell them one from his personal stock? He gave them a bottle, but they insisted on paying.

At the end of the week the two men left with the other guests, but returned the next day in a special plane. This time they wore the scarlet coats of the Mounted Police.

"We're confiscating your rods and cigarettes, since you paid no duty on them," they said. "We're confiscating your liquor supply and fining you two hundred dollars for selling liquor. You know very well that the sale of liquor is a government monopoly in British Columbia."

Stearns said, "If you'll take off those uniforms, or meet me on the American side of the border, I'll fight you both with one hand tied behind me."

The Mounties ignored him, and went ahead cleaning out his liquor, tobacco and fishing tackle. Ever since that day, Stearns has carried on a continuous court campaign against the Mounties and the Provincial Game Department. To date, he has won none of these legal skirmishes.

Nevertheless, the Canadian government has stood by the oral agreement it made with him when he first asked about a permit. In the beginning, Stearns was told that he could count on annual renewal of his camp permit, if he ran the camp decently. In spite of its troubles with him, the government still will not imply that his camp is run improperly enough to justify closing it.

The surprise from the Mounties taught Stearns a lesson about which he often talks at length. "It convinced me that I should never accept a guest without knowing plenty about him. Since millionaires can be stinkers, and any stranger can be from the Canadian police, it behooves me to screen applications. So whenever an application comes in from someone I don't know at least by reputation, I turn it over to the Burns Detective Agency. They do some invisible checking to find out whether he's what he claims, and what he's like when he goes camping. If the gumshoes send in a doubtful report, I return the would-be guest's application with apologies like 'We can accept only twenty guests per week, and our waiting list —' I can be diplomatic when I'm calm."

Most of the time Stearns is calm enough, and his camp is a relaxed and genial place. Many of his wealthy guests turn out to have an offbeat, harmless sense of humor. The brightest example is Cornie Struble, an oil baron from Corsicana, Texas. He went fishing, in white tie and tails one day, a drum major's uniform the next, and so on through 14 different costumes for 14 days. Another guest hired a sign-painter after going home, and sent back signs which now greet the jolted passengers in the jeep on the tortuous trail from Bonaparte. They offer tips like "Next Time Try the Train," or "You Are Now Enjoying Beautiful Bastard Boulevard." A hiker struggling up a steep path through heavy underbrush is likely to round a bend on the trail and suddenly find himself facing a big warning sign, "Slow Down On Curves." At the main lodge there is a notice barring "agents, solicitors and peddlers."

In 1950 Phil Stearns, Bob's brother, bought into the business. He is the quieter and more diplomatic of the pair. He moved in as full-time manager, and has been a somewhat restraining influence on his brother.

Since the time this happened, Bob has been staying in the background letting Phil run the camp. And Phil's technique is certainly different. Instead of throwing people into the lake when they irritate him, he very quietly develops himself an ulcer. •





WE FLY INTO THE FUTURE

Continued from page 7

bombers was flying in the stratosphere over a western desert region. Height 40,000 feet. The ship's bombardier was sitting forward in the glass nose section, where the navigator usually sat. Suddenly a mechanical device jarred loose up front and smacked against the glass.

There was an explosive decompression inside. The bombardier was blown out of the plane. Hurling into the sky.

From that swift tragedy, we learned a hard lesson. Convair went to work. They came up with a reinforced nose glass to prevent cracking from anything within. Then, we found that extreme heights supplied hazardous view. Frost thickened outside the glass, forming heavy layers. Warm air was rigged up to flow between the double glass panes. It killed the frost.

All exposed rubber parts began to shatter. Convair worked out a synthetic treatment to end the shredding. Fuel boiled away. Oil foamed, boiled and wouldn't pump right.

Thermal contraction changed the wingspan by inches. Cabling had to be made less rigid to allow for wing changes. Aviation has solved just the simple problems. We've got a long way to go yet. I figure on being an old man with a beard down to here before plane parts are at home in the stratosphere. Like our crew members, machinery is made for sea level "breathing."

Main aid in man's breathing up there is cabin pressure. I tested myself without cabin pressure recently. I was able to think straight and breathe pretty good from the ground on up to 29,000 feet. Then I felt dizzy. My pulse skipped hurriedly. I lunged for air in hard gasps. I got my oxygen mask on.

At 35,000 feet, stratospheric base, I took the mask off again. I didn't remember another thing until the mask was clamped back on my face. It took a matter of seconds to black out. If I'd taken a good deep breath before taking the mask off, I wouldn't have blacked out for a minute or more.

Air's too thin in the stratosphere to keep us alive. We get about 15 seconds of useful consciousness without pressure. We get about 70 seconds to live. Sea level pressure is just under 15 pounds a square inch. At 45,000 feet, it's around two pounds a square inch. So, planes have to bring low pressure along for us to spend more than one alive minute in the stratosphere. We usually keep 14,000-foot pressure—equal to air atop Pike's Peak.

It's easy for Air Force planes to lose cabin pressure in a flash. There can be a simple network supply failure. A wartime bullet puncture does it, too. A year and more ago, our "monsters" had a hell of a time with oil. It leaked and froze when it passed through the props. The frozen leakings were thrown into the

fuselage. Busting through it. Causing pressure failure. It can happen any time. To any plane. In the stratosphere it can mean certain death.

To combat such failure, the Air Force has come up with a green, skin-tight, high-altitude suit called the T-1. It's so new that the Gremlin General in charge of nicknaming every service gizmo in sight hasn't even had a chance to give it a slang title yet. It looks like a getup neighborhood kids would want to climb into for blasting-off all over the place or for interplanetary travel from one house to the next. It'll probably wind up being called the Frog John—combining its frog color and long-John style.

It takes a tall, thin guy like me 28 minutes to squeeze into the nylon suit. About par for the course. Side laces run from neck to wrists and ankles. Oxygen feeds into the glass-faced head helmet and suit from a tube strapped at the left thigh. Parachute and survival gear go with it. Frog Johns have to be worn in stratospheric flight. Laced up and ready. When plane pressure fails there's anywhere from one to 15 thinking seconds for us to get them on. That's all.

Stratospheric aviation is having even rougher problems though. Emergency parachute jumps. It's a long way down.

One of our volunteer jumpers lost his gloves in a test jump. Both hands froze instantly. They had to be amputated. First inclination of the men who pioneer-jumped from the stratosphere was to pull the ring quick, to keep from falling too far, too fast. But chances of living after a short fall were non-existent. The chute opening high in the stratosphere, after a short plunge, will shred to pieces because of the faster rate of fall. If it doesn't rip apart, he has too much time to dangle downward slowly. Bitter cold chews him to death or leaves fang marks of frost bite. His only chance is to risk the long fall. Risk of blacking out is there. But not an average result.

By the time we get into outer space, a parachute jump will be useless unless a capsule of some kind is used. The jumper will dive into the top of our stratosphere at a speed of hundreds of miles an hour. He couldn't open the chute without committing suicide. Only sensible solution would be the capsule, ejected from the stricken craft with the man inside. The man would be ejected from the protective capsule at a safe parachuting height.

Meanwhile, doctors are just beginning to learn what extreme rarified air outside a plane can do to the men inside. Our flight surgeons make observations. On trips that average out to about 25 hours for me, we've had blood pressure tests made of the crew before and after flying. Their reactions under long hours of duty in the stratosphere are watched by the surgeons for signs of fatigue.

Science has observed our initial testing

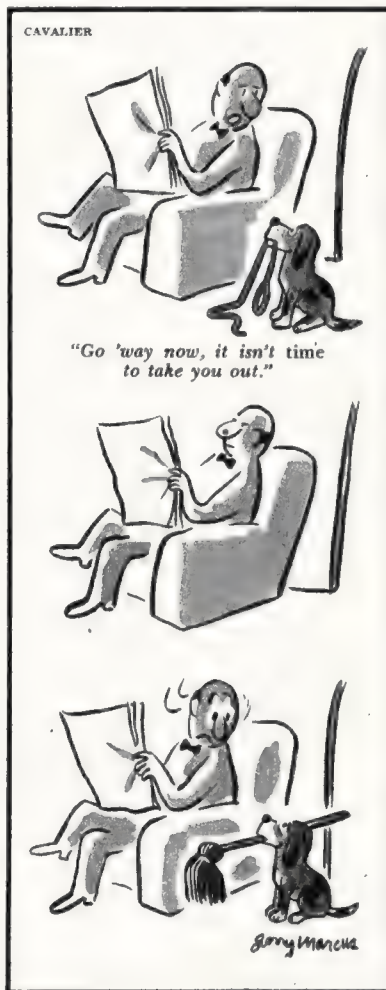
of men and planes in high altitude and has looked for disease common to thin air. One possibility, still in the theory class, is cosmic ray bombardment. Sun rays, stinging through thin, clear air, work their way through the glass nose and blisters of our "monster."

The rays, acting on the inner organs of airmen, could in time cut down life span. It'll take a lot more flying, higher and longer, into the strato stuff before doctors know for sure about this cosmic ray business.

Before there can be commercial jet service in the stratosphere, in the United States, one big problem needs answering, among others. Since jet planes have to operate at 35,000 feet at the lowest, to run economically, how will a cabin pressure failure be dealt with? Before the plane could get to a lower altitude, most of the passengers would be unconscious or dead.

One limping answer could be the Frog Johns. Ugly. Uncomfortable. Funny Frog Johns. The chances of passengers wearing the things would be like expecting boat passengers to walk around deck with diving suits on.

Whatever the answer, the problem will be solved with more time and research. Our baby steps over the clouds will lengthen into seven-league strides toward space travel. •





MOST DANGEROUS OPERATION

Continued from page 35

instruments that may be needed on split-second notice. Below us, to our left is another doctor, the blood control man, ready to shoot precious crimson fluid into the patient from pint bottles suspended high above the table. A plastic tube stretches vertically from the mouth of one bottle and disappears under the green sheets, where it is hooked into a large vein of the ankle. At the patient's head, which is concealed from us by a green drape, sits the anesthetist, glued to her gauges and alert for any command that may mean a shift in oxygen or ether. To our right, about eight feet from the table, another doctor scans the tell-tale tape coming from the electrocardiograph unit wired to the body of the young man on the table. A cardiologist, trained to spot the slightest irregularity of heart and circulation, stands by for complications.

These, plus two extra nurses, make up the surgical team. But there are others in the room—visiting doctors, internes, student nurses, all anxious to watch the risky operation.

8:50 A.M. The mask-muffled voices stop. The room freezes. The surgeon has laid the dull side of his scalpel against the patient's chest and is tracing a faint pink guideline that curves in a giant arc from his breastbone to the center of his back. He brings the knife back to starting position, turns the blade sharp edge down, and in one swift stroke opens the outer fleshy layer of the chest for a distance of twelve inches. As though possessing a life of its own, the wound springs open wildly, spurting arterial blood across the fresh green smocks of the surgeons. A jolt like high voltage shoots through me and for a moment I feel like sagging. But at the table a remarkable thing is happening, and it is this that helps me hold myself together.

The team has gone to work against a number one enemy—hemorrhage. With amazing speed the surgeon's hands leap at the gaping blood-drowned tissues, seizing the open ends of arteries with small scissor-like clamps to stop the deadly flow. His assistants clear a path for him by soaking up pools of blood in wet gauze sponges, until the last dangerous leak has been clamped. When all arterial outlets have been blocked, loops of surgical thread are slid down over the clamps to tie off each blood vessel individually. It is a delicate time-consuming process, requiring utmost precision. The men work at a breathless pace, knowing that every second counts.

Soon the scalpel cuts again, and a second fresh channel of raw flesh is exposed. Again the furious hunt for bleeding arteries . . . the mopping up of escaped blood . . . the painstaking effort to tie off severed vessels. . . . Now the arc has been completed, leaving a huge scythe-

shaped gash more than an inch deep, three inches across, and two feet in length.

Deeper layers of muscle and membranes must be cut through and the fifth rib removed, before the chest cavity can be exposed and the great aorta brought under the knife. There's a long way to go.

9:41 A.M. Large surgical pads are laid across the edges of the wound to protect the tissues, and the surgeon cuts deeper. He works slowly now, for the muscles of the chest and back are a network of many dangerously enlarged arteries, swollen by the extra blood load that is detoured from the blocked aorta. Incisions are short and probing, and are followed by quick staccato calls—*clamps . . . sponge . . . suture*. At times, when blood wells up too rapidly, he calls for *suction*—a thin tube that works like a vacuum cleaner to draw the thick red liquid out into a container.

To estimate the loss of blood, the doctor in charge of transfusions weighs the blood soaked sponges, subtracts the original weight and adds the result to the pool drained off by suction. At 9:50 A.M. he posts the first losses on the blood control blackboard at the rear of the room. It reads 125–150 cc. The surgeon is pleased because losses are not too heavy. He orders 100 cc. replacement. A V-shaped clip is released from the transfusion tube and blood flows in a steady stream from the suspended pint bottle into the leg of the patient.

10:13 A.M. The surgeon announces calmly, "I am now at the rib." The assistant surgeons promptly spread the incision to its widest with steel retractors, pin down all overhanging tissues for maximum clearance. The nurse hands him a long concave chisel, and suddenly I feel a dryness at my throat and a humming in my ears. But something more than pride—call it fascination—binds me to the spot, and I decide to stick it through. The surgeon presses the business end of the chisel to a spot where the rib is supposed to be—I see nothing but healthy muscle fiber—and starts to shave it along one side, the other, then underneath. Suddenly, the entire length of rib is visible, hardly two feet away from me. Quickly, he snips one end of the rib and then the other with rugged surgical shears, lifts out the clear white bone and hands it across the table to a nurse.

Immediately a heavy duty rib-spreading chest retractor is set against both extremes of the incision—now bounded by the fourth and sixth ribs; the arms of the retractor, mounted at right angles to a geared base, are expanded until a ten-inch window opens into the chest of the patient. A thin membrane called the

pleura lies like a shade at the bottom of this window; but its rapid pulsations reveal, even before I have seen them, the precious organs that lie beneath.

With tiny feather-like strokes the surgeon pierces this membrane. I am close enough to see, through the first tiny incision, a segment of pink, speckled, writhing tissue—the lung.

10:25 A.M. The surgeon completes the opening into the chest cavity with the quiet but enthusiastic statement, "We're in!" Dr. Elliott S. Hurwitt joins the team to take over the toughest part of the operation.

He has fought the vicious killer, coarctation, many times and has scored a high record of wins. But each new case presents a special challenge. Are this man's arteries pliable enough to mend? Will they take the stitches? Will they crack under the surgeon's knife, pouring a life away under his very eyes? No way to know until the chest is opened, the lungs moved aside and the pleural membrane peeled away to expose the giant aorta.

Quickly he examines the patient's lungs, rubber gloved fingers probing between the lobes and folds, then shifts them back into a corner of the cavity to bare the tissues beneath. With infinite skill, his knife cuts deeper. It is a tortuously slow procedure.

An hour passes. Two. On the blackboard the lost cc's of blood mount—500, 800, 1300. Two empty pint bottles have already been discarded and a third drips steadily into the plastic tube . . . the anesthetist sits, staring with fixed attention now at the face of the patient, now at the gauges. A nurse steps over to the surgeon and mops the beads of sweat from his brow.

Periodically he withdraws his scalpel and orders the patient's lungs inflated. When they are given an extra dose of oxygen, they swell like foam rubber to the level of the chest wall. A bath of salt solution is sprayed over the lungs and all other exposed tissues to keep them moist.

12:20 P.M. A wave of excitement spreads through the room. The electrocardiograph has detected something wrong—a rapid, irregular heartbeat. The surgeon snaps out "Bring up the defibrillator!" This electronic gadget shocks the heart to a standstill so the surgeon can massage it back to a steady rhythm.

The machine is brought forward and the cable loosened for action. Then the cardiologist's voice breaks through, relieved. "Skip it. He's back to normal again." We all breathe easier.

By now I feel like a member of the team and my hopes rise and fall with every sign of progress or anxiety. I have become an expert at guiding the powerful beam of the overhead reflector into the target area of the operation.

1:44 P.M. The aorta comes into view under the knife.

The staff gathers round. We can see about five inches of the great vessel, pulsating with rhythmic regularity. The coarctation is pointed out—the pinched

section that is less than half the normal diameter of the aorta. At its widest point, the giant artery measures a full inch across.

For the first time in hours, the surgeon's face registers pleasure—the deep-felt satisfaction of the scientist beholding a fine specimen. "She's a beauty," he says, "measures just right." By this he means that the constricted area is short enough for an end to end suture.

One final task remains before he can tackle the aorta itself; all connecting tissue surrounding and attached to the artery must be cleared away. This takes almost an hour and then at last, deft fingers slip under the throbbing vessel and the aorta is lifted free of its bed. Tapes are looped around it to keep it clear and two powerful clamps are bulldogged above and below the constriction.

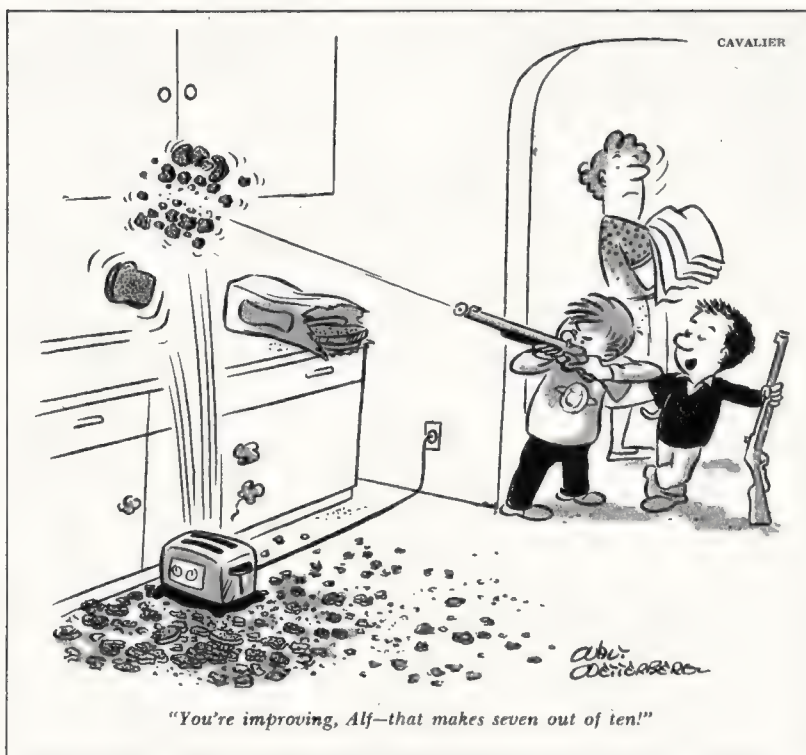
Surgical scissors are passed across the table. The surgeon's hand once more enters the cavity of the chest. With two quick snips he severs the pinched off section of artery and removes the coarctation. The clamped ends of the aorta are trimmed . . . and now begins the excruciatingly delicate task of splicing the ends together.

Both surgeons work now, their hands moving in marvelous coordination, as though driven by a single brain. "Five zero silk"—the finest surgical thread—and tiny semicircular needles are used. The operating surgeon places the needle, forces it through; his assistant seizes the point, pulls it clear, and so, one by one, for 50 interminable minutes, each stitch is made.

2:28 P.M. The announcement is made: "We're ready to release the clamps." This is the big test. Below us the aorta lies immobilized, a neat black line of thread binding the sutured ends together. Will the stitches hold when the clamps are removed and the pent up blood comes rushing through? Or will there be a sudden tear, with bright red fluid surging out into the neighboring tissues? We can only hope.

No one moves and the only sound is the labored breathing of the man on the table. In clear measured words the surgeon says, "I am about to release the lower clamp." There is a short clicking noise as the handles part, the jaws of the clamp spread open. Immediately the artery comes to life, filled by the pressure of backed up blood; the suture holds. So far so good. Now the upper clamp, the one remaining barrier to total circulation. Again his voice: "I am about to release the upper clamp." The clicking sound . . . the steel jaws open.

Suddenly the clean white artery is surrounded by a pool of red . . . blood rises, hiding the aorta from sight . . . and I hear the call for suction. The tube is plunged into the cavity and the blood drained away, while the surgeon examines the suture, searching for a leak. "It's not a rupture," he mutters, but danger is written clearly across his face. The blood is coming fast, almost too fast for the suction device. He turns to the blood control man, "Let him have 200 cc's—now," and clamps off the artery on both sides of the splice.



"You're improving, Alf—that makes seven out of ten!"

Three more stitches are taken, and once again time stands still while each clamp is slowly released. Within five seconds blood has spread across the bottom of the cavity; the crew works feverishly sponges . . . suction . . . transfusion . . . clamps.

More stitches are taken, but again the blood. Almost a pint has been lost and replaced in less than five minutes. The danger of surgical shock grows greater each moment.

The surgeon works with incredible speed. Now, it is clearly a race with time. Whenever he can, he plunges his hands into a basin of water at his left to wash his gloves clean.

I step around the head of the table a moment, to where the anesthetist sits studying the patient's breathing. The patient's face is pale and faintly bluish, but his heart, as seen by the electrocardiograph chart, holds to a steady regular beat.

4:10 P.M. After four times round with stitches, clamps and drainage, the leak is stopped. The huge artery lies free and clear, pulsing with each new thrust of lifegiving blood sent coursing to the outermost extremities of the body.

The crisis is over. The assisting sur-

geon, who has been at the operating table for over seven hours, leaves. The operating surgeon takes a ten-second breather, then proceeds to the happy task of "closing up."

One by one the internal tissues are sewn together . . . the heavy rib spreader is released and powerful clamps are used to draw the fourth and sixth ribs together for stitching. At each stage the interior is washed with saline solution, and antibiotics are sprayed into the cavity before it is closed, to kill off any invading bacteria. A hypodermic needle shoots a local anesthetic between the muscles of the ribs to lessen pain, and a rubber cavity through a small hole in the chest, drainage tube is inserted into the body so that any remaining fluids as well as air pressure can be released, allowing the lungs maximum inflation.

4:47 P.M. The operating surgeon steps away from the table to call it a day. He throws a tired smile at me, pleased that I have stuck it through. "Pretty rough," he says, "but then, we've seen worse."

As I changed back into my regular clothes, I am overcome by a deep sense of pride in human achievement. After all, it is not often one has the chance to witness a drama lasting eight hours, without a break, with only a thin shaft of Swedish steel—the surgeon's knife—between a man's life and eternity.

Our readers will be interested to know that two weeks after the above operation, the patient walked out of the hospital, a new man. His blood pressure had dropped from 200 to a healthy 120, and today he looks forward to a normal active life for the first time in his 22 years. —The Editors. •

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 4, 1. WW; Page 5, r. WW; Pages 4, 5, t., 6, 7, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp.; Pages 12-15, Bernard of Globe; Page 19, Grayson Tewksbury; Page 20, UP; Page 21, WW; Page 22, t. INF; bot. UP; Page 23, Shirie Montgomery; Pages 28, 29, Jerry Chasebrough; Page 35, Victor Weingarten; Page 43, UP; Pages 44, 45, Camera Glix; Pages 46, 47, KBS Photo, Tokyo; Page 52, Devaney; Page 53, top to bottom, 1. Paul A. Moore, Tenn. Conservation Dept., N. Y. Zoological Society, r. Monkmeier, WW, George Meinold.



YOU GOTTA KNOW YOUR PINEAPPLES

Continued from page 32

Chicago. I want to buy a passage upriver—as far as I can get from civilization.”

To make a long argument short, he handed me four crisp \$1,000 United States bills. “That’s for the ride. I’m not escaping from no police,” he said, reading my thought. “I just want to hide out for a few months—from some friends I don’t like any more.”

I pocketed the money finally and had his luggage stored in the first canoe and signaled him to step aboard. I knew the river and the jungle well, but now I was to get a new kind of education from a type of man I had never had any chance to observe previously; a sleek, apparently affluent, gangster. He would pay me, he said, \$1,000 a month for boarding him at one of my trading posts. He intrigued me. And nothing could be so unformidable, I was convinced, as a gangster out of his native lair, among the thousands of giant black men and wild Indians of this particular, and often deadly, jungle.

During the first week I discovered that he was frightened all day by the pounding rapids and sucking whirlpools, and at night by the vampire bats. He lay in the bottom of the canoe and refused to look at the angry torrent as it churned down around the laboring paddlers. At night he quickly pulled his hammock net around him and sat up with a stick, knocking the bats from his gauze protector. He was super-polite to the big Negroes who, because he was only half their size, considered him even more of a curiosity than I did. The jungle really awed him. He wouldn’t put foot into it,

except within the small camp clearing.

We reached the upper river central trading station without catastrophe. I assigned Cotillo a small bungalow with a tin roof—and a Negro boy to serve him. The sight of the groups of ragged black men, coming with bottles of diamonds and bags of gold, enthralled him.

I had a great racket here, he suggested appreciatively. Why didn’t I rent him the gambling concession at the trading posts, 50-50? He would play the prospectors for their gold and diamonds much more profitably than I could buy them. I told him I was a trader, not a gambler. He answered that he was getting bored sitting around doing nothing.

“Doing nothing is just about the safest thing you can do here,” I said adamantly. “No gambling with the miners!”

So Cotillo had to continue twiddling his well-manicured thumbs. Part of the day he would go fishing in the river with no great success. The *perai* fish had razor-sharp teeth; they bit up all his fancy hooks and silk tackle. He was a very poor shot, even with a shotgun, at anything smaller than a man beyond 20 paces.

Then one day a party of Macusi Indians came into the clearing out of a jungle trail. They brought two gourds full of gold nuggets which they had acquired by trading little gourds of *waraili* poison with a more distant tribe of Indians, the Tarumas. There were, in fact, two little monopolies in this lost world of South America: my monopoly of a vast concession for gold and diamond exploration, and the Macusi monopoly of a secret formula for concocting a deadly poison out of jungle plants—a

poison which the other tribes bought for their blowgun darts and poisoned arrows. Just a few drops of the black gum, dried on a dart, would kill a man in an hour.

The chief of the Macusi was an old, primitive ruler and frequent warmaker named Kaitang. In only a beaded loin-cloth, his gaunt, 6-foot body was exceptionally sinewy. He was very wise in his way of living, a chief of other men, not to be trifled with. The women who followed the chief into the trading compound wore only beads and bright feathers, and several of them were handsome. Cotillo hastily put on a bright silk shirt and reslicked his black hair with perfumed tonic.

“Better be careful,” I told him. “Old Kaitang is quite a killer himself. Right now he’s engineered war between the Taruma and the Piannogotto tribes so that he can get the Tarumas to dig more gold to buy Macusi poison. He trades the gold to me for beads, fishhooks, knives, cutlasses. . . .”

“Quite a man!” Cotillo chuckled. “What kind of teeth are those he’s wearing around his neck?”

“Human!” I said. “Most of the Indian men wear jaguar teeth, but old Kaitang strings up the teeth of his enemies.”

Cotillo looked at Kaitang with increased admiration and tried to get friendly with him. But Kaitang seemed to sense that this white man was of no importance to his plans. The chief’s daughter, an unusually fair-skinned girl in her late teens but very buxom, attracted Cotillo’s attention when she waved a friendly hand at me. She wore only a beaded loin apron, a string of trading-post beads, and some parrot feathers in her hair.

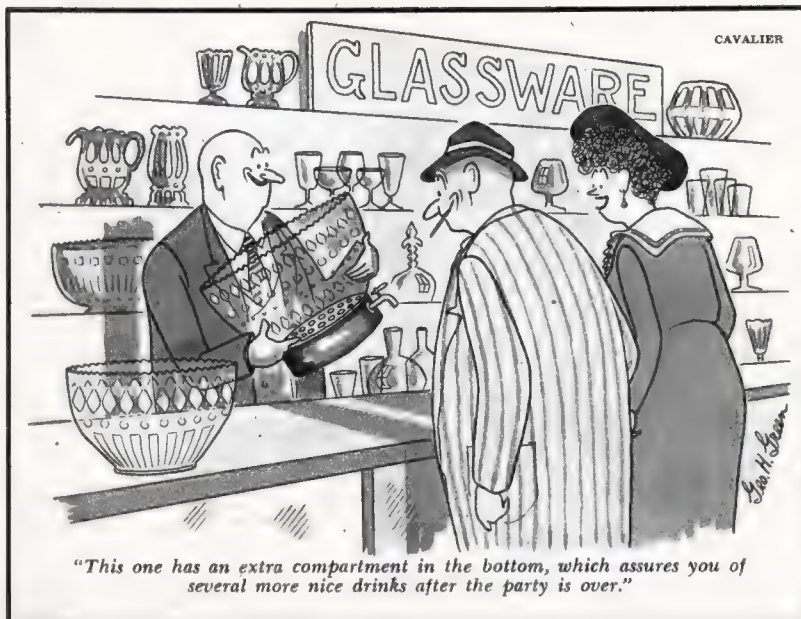
“Taboo!” I cautioned. “That’s Su Rong, Kaitang’s favorite daughter. She’s very modest, even if she doesn’t wear clothes!”

“You say he starts Indian wars?” Cotillo asked. “In order to get other tribes to trade him gold for his poison?”

“Sure,” I said. “Sort of a jungle racketeer. And quite a salesman,” I added. “The other tribes make *waraili* poison just as potent as the Macusi brand, but old Kaitang has sold them the idea that his poison is much better. He drinks the poison of the other tribes to show it’s not potent.” I explained Kaitang’s favorite method. He would drink the poison of a competing tribe and then put a minute amount of Macusi poison on a dog’s tongue. The dog quickly died. Kaitang, I said, knew a fact which the other Indians didn’t. None of the *waraili* poisons unless it gets into the blood; a man could drink Macusi poison, too, and never feel it. The Macusi poison always killed the dog because Kaitang smeared it on with the tip of his knife and a little cut was all that was necessary.

“What a man!” Cotillo repeated, but looked, instead, at the chief’s daughter. “I’ve got an ideal!” I kept my eye on him until the Indians departed.

Next day another band of Indians, some Wapisanos from the high savannah country, came to the trading station. To the south of their villages was the con-



tinental divide from which the rains drained southward into the tributaries of the Rio Negro and the Amazon. Cotillo, without discussing the subject with me, made a deal with them through a trading-station interpreter. He paid them \$50 in supplies for carrying his baggage and allowing him to go to their village; for himself, he bought \$300 worth of food. He took considerable pride in having negotiated the deal when he disclosed it to me. The Wapisanos, he said, needed a new headman—they needed him, Cotillo.

The next dawn, my strange guest departed with his revolver in its shoulder holster—a strange character.

A week later, Wapisano Indians returned to cash, in trade, some more crisp United States bills he had given them. They said they had sold the white man a big house. Was he a special friend?

"No, no!" I advised them. "He just bought a passage from me up the river. Use your own judgment!"

A month later I heard some rather startling gossip about the man from Chicago. Old Kaitang came to the trading station with five of his tribal subchiefs—and no women—indicating that he was on serious business. He brought no Taruma gold; his companions carried only cutlasses, spears, bows, arrows and blowguns. He announced that the white man I had brought up the river was going with the Wapisanos to Taruma villages, selling them Wapisano poison. He was drinking Macusi poison to show it was no longer potent.

I laughed at the thought of the racketeer from Chicago turning old Kaitang's trick against the maestro, but Kaitang didn't see the humor. "If you don't mind," he said, "I think we'll kill him!"

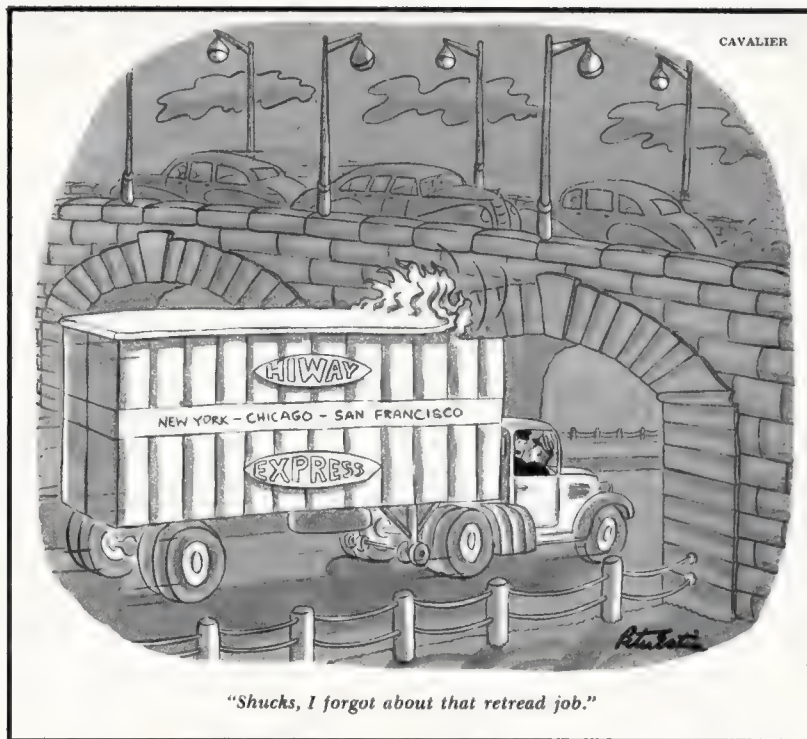
That would have been a bad precedent.

As long as the savages held white men in respect, the jungle might be opened up to civilization and its resources tapped. Let them kill one white man, and all other white men would be endangered.

I suggested to Kaitang that if he killed Cotillo, I'd have to put chains on him and send him downriver to the white chief's court for trial. He studied this statement for a long time silently, then his old eyes twinkled. He talked with his companions and then departed—just in time to miss the arrival of a band of Wapisanos from another trail who handed me two calabashes filled with twelve and a half pounds of gold nuggets. They had also a note from Cotillo.

The Wapisanos, and all the other Indians, he said, were "saps." He, Cotillo, would sell me this shipment of gold at \$20 the ounce. That was a little higher than the market. If I didn't play ball with him and his Wapisano friends, I wouldn't get any more Indian gold—he'd save it up and take it out through the Rio Negro and the Amazon. He sent a considerable list of things he wanted from the trading station. Included was an unusual amount of feminine merchandise—perfumes, fancy dresses, looking glasses, cheap jewelry, scented soap.

The black prospectors, of whom there were over 5,000 working out of the six trading posts, had struck some new and very rich alluvial subsoil, blue-clay ground in what had been an ancient



"Shucks, I forgot about that retread job."

river bed, loaded not only with gold nuggets but with large diamonds. That took all my attention for the next four weeks, but I heard continual gossip about Cotillo's activities in the country south of my jungle concession. The Wapisanos were building a very big and fancy house for the white man. The Wapisanos were selling more *waraili* poison than the Macusis. Tribal war had broken out between the Tarumas and the Waiwais; another was brewing between the Tarumas and the Macusis. When I returned to the base trading station, there was another note from Cotillo. "Little Black Eyes has come to me," he wrote. "Get me together a trousseau, chief."

By this time, I was intrigued to note, the man from Chicago had got back from me, for the gold the Wapisanos brought me, the four crisp \$1,000 bills for the river passage and the fifth bill he had paid me for board, and I was now sending him cash as well as merchandise for his gold shipments. Cotillo, the Chicago businessman, was making good as a businessman in the jungle.

It was with more than ordinary pleasure, therefore, that I greeted old Kaitang of the Macusis when, several weeks later, he came out of the jungle trail followed by not only a dozen men but several dozen Macusi women. Su Rong was with him, beaming contentedly. But I saw no sign of any of the feminine adornments I'd sent Cotillo. Kaitang weighed in his gold—17 pounds, eight ounces—and selected the trade goods he wanted. Then we sat down for a cigaret together.

"I'm glad the Wapisanos haven't put the Macusis out of business," I said.

"The people have decided our poison is the best, after all," he replied. "But I

am sorry that your white man is dead."

"Dead?" I repeated.

Yes, he admitted, Su Rong had gone to the big new house but only as a dutiful daughter. She had taken with her a present of Macusi pineapples, two ripe ones and eight green ones. The white man, Kaitang had discovered, was very fond of pineapples. He ate the ripe ones and was still hungry for more pineapples. So he ate some of the green ones.

"A man doesn't kill himself by eating green pineapples," I said.

That was true, Kaitang agreed, but there was something about green pineapples the man from Chicago didn't know. A man who wanted to drink *waraili* poison and live, he said, shouldn't eat green pineapples. Yes, Kaitang said, it was very simple. When pineapples are green, they make the mouth and tongue raw. A man with a sore mouth or tongue shouldn't try to show off by eating *waraili* poison—especially Macusi poison. The white man, he said, ate the green pineapples and when he drank Macusi poison to show that Wapisano poison was better, the Macusi poison killed him.

Kaitang flicked the cigaret stub away and said, "In a few more days, when the birds have eaten, all that will be left of the white man *who killed himself* will be the white man's bones." Then he looked at me quizzically, fingering his necklace of human teeth. Did I know, he asked, that this particular white man didn't have teeth like other men?

I knew nothing about Cotillo's teeth, I said, except that they seemed quite large. Well, said Kaitang, most of them were filled with gold. But, he quickly added, this was gold he didn't want to sell. He'd have a new necklace made of the white man's golden teeth and keep it in the Macusi village as a memento. •



DUCK HUNT JAP STYLE

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enough to swing a net at a wild duck.

My team caught three in its first attempt at duck hunting Japanese style. At the next blind we did better. An attendant rushed forward each time a bird was netted, grabbed the net, and replaced it with an empty one.

After a couple of blinds, we got more excited over the hunt. I suppose it's the

crouched approach, the need for extreme quiet—and then suddenly letting go in a burst of noisy excitement.

After each "flush" was made, we moved on to the next blind, always between the high hedges. At all times our movement was isolated by the skillful arrangement of thick undergrowth.

We did pretty well during the final

minutes of the hunt. A few of the boys netted as many as eight ducks. One or two just couldn't get the swing of it. But a democratic element crept in after the last blind was visited. Everybody got the same bag—the highly successful as well as the goose-egg holders. Three ducks were given to each participant.

A Japanese duck hunt is so different from our way of hunting, it's difficult to compare the two. One of the boys said he enjoyed it more than going after them with guns. This brought on an argument of course.

At any rate, we all agreed that this was absolutely the most unusual, the most fantastic duck hunt we had ever even dreamed of. •



THIS IS COMBAT

Continued from page 2

was a Chinese Army Corps more or less in the northern part of the target area but that he thought our people could move in there all right if willing to accept some losses and if willing to accept some more because counterattacks could be expected for sure, so the Chief-of-Staff picked up his phone and told the Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Operations to go ahead and prepare an order covering that deal the Old Man was interested in.

The Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Operations summoned the officer who directed his Plans Division and told him what the Army Commander wanted. The Plans Chief put his officers and men to work and they talked and studied and wrote staff memorandums about co-ordinates and logistics and artillery support and troop strength, and while all this was going on Jim was lying in the warm sun waiting for his clothes to dry and wondering if the papers had been screwed up in channels or were they getting his increased allotment at home all right because Jim just recently had won his second stripe and become a corporal.

Across the compound in the Cryptograph Division of the Signal Center, officers and men went to work to put the Plan and Orders into a code that would keep the enemy in the dark should he be bold enough and smart enough to tap our teletype lines, which we suspected sometimes he did, and while this was going on Jim was riding with his outfit in a truck train along corrugated Korean roads from a forward rest area to somewhere more forward.

When Corps Cryptographers had completed the decoding job, the Army Commander's Plan and Orders were rushed to the Corps Chief-of-Staff, who scanned them before he went into the next office and laid the papers before the Commanding General of Corps. The Commanding General of Corps went over the papers pretty carefully and then leaned back and remarked that this was a hell of a wobbly Plan and that the Orders

were damned loosely drawn and that he'd have to think the whole matter over for a while before he decided what to do. The Corps Chief-of-Staff solemnly returned to his office and gave directions that Orders be prepared to go forward to Division to carry out the Army Commander's wishes.

While this was going on Jim was muttering in his sleep in a pup tent because he felt his crowd soon was going into the line again and he was upset and nervous as always at such a time and as he used to be on the job in the woods back home just before he would climb to a great height and top a tree.

The Division Commander's Order arrived down at Regiment about 0500 hours of a cool morning and was deemed of enough importance to justify waking the Colonel.

When the Battalion C.O. got the word, it was different. He remarked it was about time the Old Boys back down the line made up their minds and he was thinking this one would be good for a Silver Star if it came off all right and he was thinking too about how best to get on that hill and lose as few of his boys as possible. This business of the calculated acceptable loss always was the rough thing about such operations for the responsible officers like the C.O. here and the Colonel of the Regiment and the Division Commander and the Commanding General of Corps and the Army Commander because these men had been well put through the military mill while it had ground out a couple of previous wars and they knew what to expect and that it always hurt. Late that afternoon while the artillery pounded the ridge and an air strike of rockets and bombs was laid down, the Battalion C.O. deployed two of his companies and moved them across the valley floor and up the hill where most of them reached the top but not all and from which most of the enemy fled

except some who very quietly remained.

Jim's Company didn't go up the hill that afternoon. It remained in the valley as Battalion reserve and its Captain went to confer with the Battalion C.O., while Jim's Platoon Lieutenant told his men he didn't know for sure yet but he'd bet they'd get the dirty job of going up the hill that night and relieving the others and of course he was right. So they busied themselves acquiring the rations and ammunition and odds and ends they would need for a day or two or three dug in.

Dusk came to the valley when the scorched hill where the other companies were still was crowned with bright light from the falling sun and even when Jim's platoon and company moved out across the lowland in darkness the ridgeline was edged with rays refracted by high-riding dust. But they never caught up with the light and some of them never would again, for when they had sweated and stumbled up the rocky twisting steep trail to the backslope just below the crest the sun had fled over the mountains and only a smudge of murky pink stained the sky faintly in the west like an echo dying unwillingly away.

The men of the other companies, who had worked and won, were weary and grumbling but glad to be going as they moved off and down the trails toting their arms and packs and some of their wounded who could not walk and their dead. They darted a few ribald remarks at the newcomers but not many and none worth answering and they spurred no response, for Jim and his fellows didn't give a damn just then for what any others thought or said or did because they were thinking only about what was coming and how they could prepare for it and they couldn't and that nobody ever had, at least not well enough. They had to spread out along the ridge because there naturally are not as many men in one company as in two companies and when Jim dropped into his foxhole he knew that off in the gloom to his right and to his left were other foxholes that were empty and there is nothing at all comforting about empty foxholes up front unless they belong to the fellows in the other uniform. The Sergeant came out of the gloom and said to keep quiet and be sure to stay awake and he went on

his way along the ridge as though he were tiptoeing and Jim wondered if the so-and-so really believed anyone would dare make a noise or be able to sleep and it was so quiet Jim imagined he heard his own thought aloud and he was startled and ducked below the rim of his hole. That was when Jim knew he was going to be scared and that he already was and that it was getting chilly and he was shivering a little.

The stars were a lot brighter and sharper that night than they had any right to be except in a theater. Jim finally found himself cursing the stars as the night wore along because they lit up the countryside in a ghostly way and Jim figured they did the same for him, and then he remembered how the stars had helped him many times pass through the big woods back home and how thankful he had been and he thought what a hell of a situation a man is in when he can find it in his heart to curse the stars.

A breeze was fingering among the hills later when Jim keyed open a ration can and tried to eat a bit but the racket of his chewing clashed so on his raw nerves that he had to give it up and besides he knew he wasn't hungry but just had a nervous stomach as they say. When he screwed the cap off his canteen and tilted it to his dry lips the sound of the water pouring down his throat seemed louder than that of the distant little stream below in the valley and Jim choked and dropped to his knees in his hole to bury his face in his blanket and he tried so desperately to stifle his coughing that for minutes afterward his chest and throat throbbed. When Jim got up his knees were trembling. Oh my God, thought Jim, I'm scared I'm scared I been all through this before and still I'm scared. Jim thought of taking off then, off down the hill in the darkness away from that chasm of horrible emptiness ahead but he was more afraid of that thought than of anything yet, and he peered into the darkness to the right and to the left for he imagined his fellows must hear his thumping heart and the sound that smote his ears when he swallowed and he could see them with his mind's eye all standing calmly in their holes and looking sadly and reproachfully at him, and then Jim damned himself and shook himself mentally for his sense of oneness with them told him they were suffering with him and in the same way, but by themselves as he was.

The sound came then. It came from down the hill ahead and out of the blackness beneath the little cedars there and it rang in his ears like a gong. Still it was only a little sound like the sharp fall of a pebble but it seemed to vibrate in the pool of darkness before his eyes. Jim crouched motionless and tense like the deer he once had sighted in the woods just as it caught his scent. Minute after minute Jim tightened like the spring of a watch being wound and his knuckles were white around his rifle and his eyes were wide with stiffened lids under the rim of his helmet. But there was no more sound and there was no movement midst the endless shadow.

This stone-still and fear-flooded man was the end of the line. In him here on this rampart of his people was all the meaning there was. In him had come to focus the General's Plan and the Army's Orders and the desires of Nations and the Cryptograph's secrets. He was the bulwark of his friends and the target of the enemy. He was trusted from the rear and hated to the fore. The driving force of millions was backing him, the faith of millions was with him there, yet he was alone and his aloneness was a mortal pain. And all of the plans and force and drive of those millions great and small which had put him here could not help him now. All that was to sustain him was to come from within him and it was no vaunted sense of duty nor fund of loyalty nor selfless love that did it unless all of these fuse to form a torturing desire to live. That he had in full measure. God, how badly he did not want to die!

Jim gasped and was startled into movement. He dropped into his hole to muffle the sound of his heavy breathing. He batted his eyelids to loosen the muscles and he flexed his fingers and his arms and then his legs. His color returned and he even blushed at a crazy thought that maybe that sound had been a teardrop from a star. That was a funny idea, Jim mused, and he knew it was one of those he would never talk about to anyone.

An hour before the first-light Jim saw the ghostly mist in the valley. Under a sky that was losing its black sheen and under stars less crisp the mist formed in the valley and came creeping up among the hillside trees. Jim watched it reaching toward him and he cursed mightily within himself for this would be a mask for the enemy who would make it a shroud if he could. Jim's constricted world grew gray and ever smaller now as the mist tumbled over the ridge and blotched away the sky that would herald the dawn. Jim knew there was danger in this but there was comfort in its closeness too and a deceptive sense of cozy safety that induced his first drowsiness of the long night. He relaxed against the back rim of his hole and stared unseeing into the mesmerizing cloud.

The wraith that was the enemy appeared at Jim's left. He came silently in his shoes of rubber and he moved with the liteness of long training. When he saw the helmeted man in the hole he stopped and stared hard, and fear was smeared over his Mongol face. Jim came wide awake with a great start when he caught a movement from the corner of his eye, but he turned only to face its blinding muzzle blast and to hear the roar of the rifle. He went down from the blow of a bullet that creased his helmet. Jim was up at once for he had caught a glimpse of that other one's face and he knew. By God he's as scared as I am, Jim cried exultantly within himself, he's just as scared as I am and I can get him, I can get that yellow devil!

Jim came to his feet to find a bayonet streaking from his chest and he grabbed the blade with both hands and felt it saw through the flesh of his palms and the tendons of his fingers and he yelled as it

tore through his jacket and his shirt and pierced the flesh and lodged between two ribs. The enemy had stumbled and had fallen across the stock of the rifle and Jim could feel the bayonet twist between his bones and tear his flesh. Jim was sobbing now and kicking at the other man who had tumbled partly into the hole and he managed to push away the man's weapon but try as he would he could not grasp his own piece with his slimy hands for his slashed fingers would not close. He kicked again with his heavy boot and caught the Mongol full in his brown panic-clouded face and then threw himself wildly from the foxhole and rolled in the moist earth. Jim hauled himself to his feet, crippled and twisted, because the bayonet had pried apart his ribs and torn the cartilage between and the dislocation of the ribs had ruptured his spine. Jim's pitiful dripping hands were stiff at his side when he started away at a halting lope and he was moaning and whimpering in a way that would have been familiar to any who had known him long years before, and Jim knew that warm liquid was running down his belly and into his navel and to his crotch and down his inner thigh, and then the gun spat again.

Jim was struck a thunderous blow in his back below the shoulder and he spun round as though lifted from his feet and fell heavily with his arms thrust beyond his head and his face in the powdery earth. He was shrieking now, but he didn't know that, and he could only hear shots elsewhere along the ridge and someone's artillery somewhere and midst all this he could hear feet padding toward him hurrying hurrying toward him. God damn him, Jim cried in his agony of expectation. God damn that yellow bastard to hell. Jim could feel the bayonet enter his back and he could feel it find its way through his body and could hear its point grind into the ground beneath him and then he knew when it was dragged out and away from his violated flesh and he heard the footsteps go away.

Jim was quiet now and tight to the earth and his senses were alert. There was no great pain now, nothing much but an awful awareness of everything and of the end of everything. Jim's face was sidewise in the chafing dust and he giggled a little because one eye was clogged and wouldn't blink. He could hear the morning birds twittering and he knew the mist was thinning and that dawn soon would find him there. Jim could see one of his hands before his face and it was caked with dirt and blood and he could see that his wedding ring almost had been cut through by the knife of that enemy. God damn him to hell. Jim said again, and then he was shrieking again for help from someone from anyone from anything only please please help me Jim said, and then something scalding boiled up from within and bubbled out through his mouth and his nose and Jim lay there watching the hungry earth consume his blood.

That's how it was before the picture was taken. •



MURDER WILL OUT: AFTER 2,000 YEARS

Continued from page 17

crowd. Tensely, silently, the peasants watched the scientist work.

"It's murder, don't you think, doctor?" the constable asked.

"It's murder, all right. Only you'll never catch the criminal."

"And why won't I?" the constable said, his face turning red and angry at the slur to his professional ability.

"Because this crime took place more than two thousand years ago!"

The totally naked body of the ancient man was loaded on a litter and blanketed, at the doctor's order, with plenty of peat. Next it was brought to the Aarhus University hospital laboratory, where it was received by the staff with visible agitation. The constable insisted that the hands and feet should be duly fingerprinted, and its features and wounds photographed by the police experts.

Then the scientists went to work. The corpse, the scientists were convinced, was of a man who had been murdered, executed or victimized in a religious sacrifice way back in the Iron Age, just prior to the birth of Christ. The excellent state of preservation was the result of the tanning action of the peat in the bog. Dr. Willy Munck of the university staff, who performed the autopsy, was able to report to the police that the man had been

killed by being hit with a blunt instrument on the head, but that his throat had been slit afterwards for good measure.

Dr. Munck found the skeleton and most of the internal organs of the dead man still intact. Even his brain, though considerably shrunken, could be examined and X-rayed. The heart, kidneys and liver, as well as the whole alimentary canal, were in perfect condition.

TO Dr. Glob, the find of the Grauballe man was of particular interest because two years before, in May, 1950, another well-preserved body of a man had been found, also in a Jutland bog, this time in Tollund. Like in the case of the Grauballe man, here, too, it had been a question of "an unsolved murder," only instead of having had his throat cut the man had been hanged.

The Tollund man, who also had slumbered in the deep bog for two milleniums, was a good-looking fellow, seemingly still asleep, resting on his left side peacefully, one hand under his cheek. His hair was cut short and his eyebrows and beard stubble, as well as his skin pores, were clearly visible.

According to Dr. Glob, remains of other bog corpses had been found in

Central Jutland, North-West Germany and Holland. Many had nooses around their necks or their hands and feet tied together. Some of these corpses had been pierced through their chests with sharp wooden stakes and anchored to the bog to stop them from haunting or doing other mischief among the living.

The peaceful, almost noble countenance of the naked Tollund man in his eternal sleep is remarkable. His eyes shut, his brows wrinkled, his mouth closed tightly, he presents a picture of strong personality.

Perhaps the man had been no criminal at all, and had died peacefully, the noose having been put around his neck after his demise. In those days death by hanging was not dishonorable, and people who died by hanging were dedicated to Odin, the chief deity of the Nordic mythology. Again, he might have been chosen for sacrifice at the annual spring fertility festival in honor of the gods of antiquity, but had died "ahead of schedule" and that, as a particular sign of esteem, the noose had been put round his neck post-mortem.

Now that the Grauballe corpse has been taken out of the peat, it has been decided to reconstruct the peat bog and encase the body with fresh oak bark in a large oak container. Under the supervision of scientists and at least one well-known Danish tanner, the natural tanning processes that nature began 2,000 years ago will be continued. Later, a plastic will be injected into the body to straighten out the wrinkles and the hollow places of its anatomy, and thus preserve the body for perhaps another 2,000 years to come. •



THE HOUSE OF 500 GIRLS

Continued from page 43

prices I give will be based on the black market exchange, as that is what we all used.) My taste runs to whiskey, but not strongly enough to put out the eight bucks or so that it cost for the occasional bottle of Scotch that one ran into. I wound up buying a bottle each of Three Star Hennessy, Benedictine, and French gin for a total cost of five dollars. The latter reminded me of that sandpaper gin we used to buy in Manila for two-bits a pint, but the rest of the stuff was okay, though I still cannot see how anyone can drink brandy straight. Compared with the bottle prices, drinks were fairly high, ranging from 50 cents—up to two bucks a throw.

One evening, about eight o'clock, a couple of mates and myself started looking for the Stockade, the House of 500 Girls. After all, an establishment with 500 selections under one roof sounds like something that every young man would want to see at least once. For such a distinctive place, it proved remarkably hard to find.

We tried taxis, samlors, and cycle-cabs with only one result; we saw plenty of Saigon and were taken to numerous establishments where we were promised accommodations with "nice young girls," but they were not what we were looking for—at least at the time.

After a couple of hours of this, we met a group of French sailors, one of whom fortunately spoke a fair grade of English, and he soon caught on to what we wanted. He gave directions in French to our taxi driver and a few minutes later, when we reached our destination, we realized we had been driven by the damn place at least five times that evening. It is on one of the main boulevards, a large rectangular building that covers most of a block, with an open court in the center.

I might as well explain something now that I did not realize at first. The place really is a women's prison where the inmates are allowed (or is it forced?) to work out their fines by practicing prostitution on the premises. It certainly

seems as though there are 500 women waiting to pounce upon you as soon as you pass through the entrance.

They were of all sizes, beauty, shape, and age (some could not possibly have been over 15 or 16 years old). Most were quite well-dressed in either Western or Oriental style, a proficiency in the use of cosmetics was evident, and a few more elaborate coiffures that must have taken hours of preparation.

Remember the old expression we used to use about King's Cross in Sydney—"You have to beat them away with a club?" Well, this is the first place where I have seen that statement literally true. Once inside the entrance you are besieged by a swarm of females imploring you to visit with them, some using gestures, some trying to caress you, and some shouting out their limited supply of English words.

Just off the courtyard, toward the front of the building, there is a bar and dance floor, and once you have fought your way clear to it you are fairly safe from forcible abduction, though not solicitation. Here, many of the girls spend their "free" moments dancing and trying to drum up business at the same time, of course. If you are sitting at a table without a girl, a steady stream will approach you with their invitations,

and often one will accept your offer of a drink (usually orangeade), but will not stay long. If she thinks she is wasting her time, she will either move over onto your lap to get you interested or will wander off and the next one will move in.

I bought many a drink and turned down many an invitation in an effort to find a girl that spoke English reasonably well, as I was interested in the *modus operandi* (I hope that means what I think it does) of the place. But their linguistic ability in all cases was limited to the few words necessary to conduct their business. Later on I tried to get some information from the French immigration and customs officials who came aboard ship in their official capacities, but they all seemed reluctant to discuss it much.

The most authentic information I could procure came from an American Army corporal who was stationed with the liaison group in Saigon and assigned to the ship while the military cargo was being discharged. According to him, the French found the Stockade advantageous for a number of reasons, all based on the fact that with a large number of troops stationed around the city it is expedient to provide them with some kind of sexual outlet. The Stockade is considered the best solution because: (1) it is easier to keep venereal disease under control, since the girls are examined regularly and a prophylactic station for the men is at the exit; (2) many of the street walkers, common before the Stockade opened, were guerilla sympathizers and would relay to the enemy any information they could glean from the soldiers (a number of troops had been decoyed down dark alleys to either disappear completely or to be found with slit throats); (3) prices in the Stockade can be kept in line with French army pay.

According to this corporal, practically all of the girls there have been picked up for either soliciting on the streets or being in illegal houses of prostitution (I gather the only "legal" brothel is the jail), and often the Stockade is an improvement over their previous living conditions. Neither he nor any one else I met professed to know how much, if any, pressure is necessary to get the girls to "work" in the Stockade.

Certainly there seemed to be nothing depressed or unhappy about the prisoners. They pursued their customers with indefatigable vim and vigor. Outside of a few fellows off our ship, the visitors were all French servicemen—sailors, soldiers, and Foreign Legion—which meant men of many nations and colors from the blackest of negroes to blond Germans. The girls (all natives) were allowed a certain amount of free enterprise in charging whatever price they felt they could get, but they naturally had to take into consideration the lowly soldier's pay and the stiff competition.

The usual fee was about 40 or 50 cents a "visit," and about two dollars for all night (imagine paying to stay all night in jail). Some of the girls charged less, some more, and much depended upon



business conditions. Each Saturday night prices went up, and on New Year's Eve some of the girls were asking the fantastic sum of 40 piastres (\$1.00) a "visit!"

Sorry I can't give you an eyewitness description of a trip to one of the rooms, but I understand it was a pretty cold-blooded affair, with privacy at a minimum and dallying strictly discouraged. At the rear of the Stockade, through another entrance, there was a section for "officers only" (this seemed to include all Americans) where the atmosphere was less raucous, the girls more decorous, and the prices considerably higher.

But Saigon does not provide anything for the amorous sailor who has been spoiled by trips to such places as Japan or Tahiti (you lucky dog, I understand your ship stops at Papeete again this trip). There are a number of good-looking French babes running around town, but the chances of picking one of them up are practically nil. They live in a world of their own. Of course, every taxi driver and samlor boy has a place where he wants to take you, but too often these turn out to be squalid huts with two or three hags.

Nor is the Stockade the only unique feature of Saigon. The "scientific bath and massage parlors," many centrally located with large signs advertising their business, are places to see. They are

strictly legitimate, and by no means a camouflage for brothels as in some cities, yet they do give a little more in the way of service than the accredited massage parlor in the States does.

Upon entering the establishment, you pay for the bath and massage and are ushered to a cubicle which contains a table and closet for your clothes. A girl, fairly young and attractive, brings you a bath robe, stands there while you undress, leads you to the steam room, removes your robe, and leaves you about 15 minutes. The steam bath is good.

Upon returning you to the cubicle, she once more removes the robe (by now you are getting used to this) and indicates that you are to lie face down on the table, whereupon she proceeds to give your back and legs a rub down. As a massage it is only fair. Backside finished, she flops you over and works on your topside. With any encouragement at all she will proceed to give you a "complete" massage, indicating at the same time expectations of a tip. But do not make a mistake and get fresh with her or she will be highly insulted.

I'll go now.

Don't forget to drop me a line and let me know how things panned out in Australia.

As ever,

Bill.



TALE OF THE ATOMIC PICKPOCKET

Continued from page 27

scended the fire escape, hoping that a head or a gun didn't appear in the window above him until he could get away. He didn't stop to put on his shoes until his feet began to ache.

When Harry returned to his rooming house that afternoon, Moustache was in a black Cadillac sedan half a block from Harry's place. This time he wasn't alone. In the front seat beside him were two pugs, as big as they were ugly. Harry stood looking at them out of a drug store window for awhile, then he went looking for another room.

By the next afternoon, he was desperate with fear. No matter where he went Moustache and his boys were soon there, too. Harry had never thought of the police as being his friends. But now he wished he could go to them. Of course, he would have a time explaining how he got the papers. Besides, salamanders. . . . The cops would think he was crazy.

There was one sure way out—get rid of the papers. Harry threw back his shoulders as he walked down the street. Turning a corner, he stopped in front of a refuse can. Inside, a fire was conveniently burning. When Harry held the papers over it, ready to drop them, he saw that the heat brought forth hitherto invisible writing between the neatly typed lines.

A mere glance at the writing told him the author had other things on his mind beside salamanders. . . .

It was a tough decision, but in such a crucial affair one had to overlook personal prejudice. Harry went to the cops.

He told Broderick Fitzpatrick all about how he had come across the work on salamanders, and soon he was telling a skeptical precinct captain how another man's hand had been in the pocket he was searching. But the only people who really believed him were some F.B.I. men. Three agents took him to his old neighborhood and soon Moustache appeared and began following Harry, and the agents began following Moustache, and that night all of them—Harry, Moustache, and his pugs and the agents—were in the Federal House of Detention.

The day after Harry's arrest, the Attorney General arrived from Washington to investigate certain aspects of the arrest of several enemy agents. An imposing man who needed little fortification from his formidable cigar, he ploughed through a sea of reporters with the mighty imperturbability of a battleship. "There you are, Chief," he explained, slamming the door in several newsmen's faces. "You've told those boys nothing—right?"

"Nothing," the Chief of Police said. "But I can't hide the facts for long."

"Yes," the Attorney General said, sitting down in a large leather chair. "Yes. Well, now, Chief, what is this rumor I

hear that you're trying to prefer charges against our chief witness in this spy case?"

"Oh, really, sir. No hurry about that at all. You go on and use Harry. There'll be plenty of time for us to get to him."

The Attorney General exhaled a cloud of cigar smoke. "You don't seem to understand, Chief. The government isn't concerned when you're going to prefer charges. We're concerned that you're contemplating such a move at all. By the way, what are the charges?"

"Oh, pickpocketing. That's all."

"That's all? Why don't you go on and make it murder?" The Attorney General sprang from his chair with the grace of a full-grown elephant. "Surely you can see the damage it would do to our case if news leaked out that our star witness is nothing but a common pickpocket."

The Chief, who prided himself on his intimate knowledge of local vice and crime, interjected, "You're under a wrong impression, sir. Harry is no ordinary pickpocket. Harry the Heft is tops."

"Ordinary, extraordinary, I don't give a damn!" exploded the Attorney General. "The fact remains that the government can't jeopardize its case. . . ."

It was the Chief's turn to grow indignant. "You certainly aren't suggesting that we drop charges."

The Attorney General's face radiated sarcastic appreciation. "That's it. For awhile I was afraid you wouldn't get it." "But, sir," pleaded the Chief, "you don't seem to understand. My boys have been trying to get something on Harry for seventeen years."

The Attorney General waved this aside with his cigar. "I am not asking that you fail to do your duty, Chief. Rather, I say, there is a duty which is even higher than that of your high office—the duty to your country. Surely, sir, we would both be derelict if we failed to prosecute to the utmost spies who are trying to destroy this great nation of ours. Yet that's exactly what we would be doing if we let it be known that our chief witness is an ordi—er . . . a pickpocket. Why, our case would become an international joke. The spies might go free! Can we as much as tolerate the thought of our country freeing the men who tried to turn over to an enemy nation the secret formula for the Hydrogen Bomb?"

"The Hydrogen Bomb!" breathed the Chief.

"Indeed, sir," said the Attorney General. "The object of this spy ring was clear enough. Between the lines of that treatise on salamanders, in invisible ink, were all the important formulas for the H-Bomb."

"My God," exclaimed the Chief.

"You see, then, why it is necessary for Harry the Heft to remain clear of any charges which might impugn his character."

"Yes, sir. I do," agreed the Chief. . . .

Several days later Harry was shadow boxing with his gold watch when he was distracted by an unexpected noise.

"Psstt."

Standing at the bars of the next cell was a thin man with enough carbon on his face to mark him a reporter.

"Is your name Harry?"

"Among others. Who are you?"

"Wilson, from the *Daily Call*. I'd like to get your story."

"Why don't you just look at the police blotter?"

"Oh, that. I found out about that. How they booked you on a pickpocketing charge. But now they're holding you as some sort of material witness."

"They dropped the charge?"

"Certainly. That was simply a blind. Now tell me how you caught the spies?"

"How I caught them?"

"Sure. Don't play dumb. Look."

Wilson slipped a newspaper through the bars. Harry unrolled it and was greeted by an eight-column headline:

H-BOMB SPY RING TRAPPED

F.B.I. agents and local police teamed up yesterday after months of brilliant detective work and sprang the trap on a group of spies which had almost succeeded. . . .

"Is that how it happened?" Wilson asked.

"Well, not exactly," Harry said, wondering why they hadn't used his name in the story.

"Where were you when these Russian birds were captured?"

"With the F.B.I.," Harry said.

"Ah-HAH. Just as I thought," Wilson said. "Now, how long had you been after these birds?"

"Well, I wasn't after them exactly. They were after me."

"They found out who you were, huh?"

"They certainly acted like it. At least after I lifted those papers from one of them."

"What were the papers about?"

"Something about fish."

"Fish?"

"Yeah, but the other stuff, chemical symbols and all that, was written between the lines in invisible ink."

"How did you find that out?"

"Well, the heat brought it out, I guess. You see. . . ."

"Ah, you adventurers always seem to know all about invisible ink and cryptography, don't you? What then?"

"Why, then I called the cops."

"You sprung the trap, eh?"

"What—"

"Never mind. See you later— Oh, just one more thing. You're not a regular F.B.I. man. They never say anything but 'no comment.' So what did you get out of it?"

"Not much. Just—"

"—Just the thrill, huh?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that."

"You heroes. You're all alike. Modest to the point of tears."

Wilson began shouting for a guard. "I want a lawyer," he yelled. "Get me out of here. I changed my mind. I didn't kidnap no baby after all!"

The Chief was furious the next day when he stormed into his office with a copy of the *Call* crumpled up in his

hand. "No, no!" he yelled at the reporters who besieged him the moment he opened the door. "No comment."

A more persistent gentleman of the press blockaded his door. "Look at this story in the *Call*, Chief."

"What the hell do you think I've been looking at?" blurted the Chief. "That's off the record, son," he quickly amended. He slammed the door to his office and grabbed the phone.

"Hello, operator, operator. Give me the Attorney General in Washington. . . Hello, Mr. Burns. Mr. Burns, this business of protecting this cheap pickpocket has gotten completely out of hand. . . What do I mean? Just listen to this, from the morning paper:

The trap which snared four H-Bomb spies Monday—officially described as the result of brilliant detective work—was actually planned by a self-effacing adventurer who risked his life "just for the hell of it," it was learned exclusively by the Call today.

Calmly smoking a cigarette in his cell at Federal House of Detention, Harry Handy described the details of his bold adventure. . .

The Chief read the account over the phone with increasing disgust. Suddenly he threw the paper to the floor and blurted, "Look here, Mr. Burns. Do you realize reporters have been breathing through my key hole ever since this thing started? If they find out about the police record of this character after I've kept quiet about it, I'm a dead duck. . .

"Why, no, Mr. Burns, of course I don't want the spies to go free. . . But that story in the *Call* is an outright lie, sir. . . Of course I'm patriotic. . . Naturally I don't want to see my bailiwick get hit with an H-bomb. . . All right, sir," the Chief sighed. "All right."

He replaced the receiver and held his head with great tenderness. Slowly he reached over and held down the key of the inter-office com. "Show the reporters in," he told his secretary.

The reporters didn't need to be shown. They flooded into the room, unaided.

"Boys," the Chief said, trembling as he lighted a cigarette, "I have checked on the H-bomb story as it appeared in the *Call* and I can report off-the-record that the story is substantially correct. Now don't use my name in any connection. Just say an informed source. This is an F.B.I. case after all. . ."

The next afternoon the Chief knew his troubles were just beginning when he saw the story in *The Courier*:

The mysterious "professional adventurer" said to have played an important role in the snaring of four H-bomb spies here last Monday was revealed today to be a notorious pickpocket who has been hauled in for questioning by police no fewer than 432 times during his alleged career. . .

Almost apoplectic, the Chief commented his way past reporters that afternoon and soon was talking long-distance to Washington.

"Hello, Mr. Burns? Mr. Burns, this business of protecting this cheap pickpocket has gotten completely out of



"Mmmmmmm! That smells good, dear—what is it?"

hand. . . . No, no, I just *thought* it was out of hand yesterday. That was *nothing*. Just listen to this."

And fighting to control himself, the Chief read *The Courier's* exclusive.

"What?" he exclaimed. "What? Oh, my God, I can't do that, Mr. Burns. No, never, sir! Never. . . Of course I'm patriotic. . . Of course I don't want the spies to go free. . . Of course I wouldn't want my sister to marry one. . . All right, sir. Very good."

The Chief replaced the receiver, reached in his desk for a fortifying shot of whiskey and called the reporters in.

"Boys," he said, sadly. "In all my years of dealing with you I've always treated you square. Now some reporter has decided I was a liar and has nosed through the records and come up with what appeared to be a very startling fact. He saw fit to print this information without checking with me as to its accuracy. . .

It was a somewhat bewildered Harry who stepped from the Federal House of Detention that afternoon. Being met by a howling mob of reporters, photographers, newsreel and television cameramen can be a traumatic experience. But Harry, who had acquired a certain worldliness during his work at racetracks and the opera quickly recovered and soon was acting the part of hero.

"Would you look this way, Mr. Handy? . . . Smile, Mr. Handy. . . Give us a victory handshake, Mr. Handy. . . Reach in your pocket like you're pulling a gun, Mr. Handy. . ."

Even as the cameras ground away, Harry was approached by an agent for a large publishing house. A ghost writer already had the book half-finished. It was to be called, "*Just For the Hell of It: How I Captured the Infamous H-Bomb Spies*." A movie executive wanted to film the story of Harry's life. An advertising man wanted Harry to endorse a leading

breakfast food. That very day an anti-administration newspaper made an editorial suggestion about a new presidential candidate which was taken up with a hue and cry. . .

Harry stood at the French windows of his hotel suite overlooking Central Park. He'd gotten so much money from advance royalties he hadn't bothered to add it up. It was now safely banked in three banks, far from the reach of thieves and cheap gunmen.

Harry was adjusting his new Countess Mara cravat when the official limousine drew up at the hotel entrance.

He took the ride down Broadway in stride, sitting in the back of the Cadillac convertible, blinded by the blizzard of ticker-tape falling from skyscraper windows and deafened by the roars of the hero-worshipping crowd.

Beside Harry's automobile walked a body guard led by the policeman of Harry's choice, Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick.

Proceeded by a dozen brass bands, the motorcade wended its way down canyon-like streets to City Hall. There, on a platform draped with bunting, was the Mayor and lesser dignitaries, waiting to extend their congratulations.

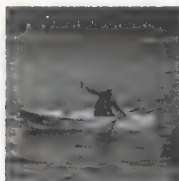
Harry took the place of honor and the ceremony went smoothly.

The Mayor was speaking to the assembled crowd, lauding Harry for his patriotic exploits, congratulating the city for having in its numbers such an unselfish and daring citizen.

"And as a token of recognition," the Mayor droned into the microphone, "and to express to you our gratification, Harry Handy, I, Mayor of this Great City, am honored to present to you this scroll."

And, with a flourish, the Mayor produced—his empty hand!

The Mayor looked puzzled. "That's strange," he was heard to mumble over the microphone. "It was here in my breast pocket just a few moments ago." •



NEXT TIME: TAKE A THERMOMETER

Continued from page 55

comfortable, regardless of depth; it might be five feet in May and 40 feet in August. In deep lakes an incoming thermocline—a layer of deoxygenized water—will occasionally force fish to move either above or below their preferred temperature bracket, but even then the majority will stick on the very edge of the oxygenless strata.

The same general principle holds true in shallow lakes and streams. Naturally the depth range is more limited, but the shallow-lake fish show exactly the same inclination as their deep-lake brethren when it comes to hot weather; they look for the coolest possible spot. Usually that spot is along the bottom or in a grass bed or similar shaded area. It doesn't take a biologist to know that. When I was growing up back in Tennessee, every kid that had ever dug a worm knew you had

to find a "deep hole" to catch fish in summertime.

As far as the fish are concerned, the situation hasn't changed. The only change is in the fisherman, who apparently has forgotten everything he learned in his bent-pin days.

Still, all of this doesn't preclude the possibility of catching a fish when you go casting in summer. It can be done. In fact if you happen to hit one of those short periods when the shad are schooling at the surface, you might even get a few days of tip-top sport. Or if you are a really good fisherman, you might successfully surface cast right through the hot weather. An outdoor editor I know catches white bass on a top-water plug all during the season, but he is a darn good fisherman who knows all the angles. I have even caught summertime walleyes

casting with a silver minnow, but it was over a gravel bar at night.

If you are just an average Joe with average fishing skill, you might have the same success—but the chances are you won't.

And remember, there's nothing drab about fishing deep. If you think so, try five pounds of walleye on 300 feet of nylon, or try hoisting an angry sand-pike out of 60 feet of water with a light line! Such an experience is sure to convert the most butt-headed opponent of deep fishing.

Fishing down under is no cut-and-dried guarantee of success in summertime. Depth distribution varies from lake to lake and the temperature preferences of the fish themselves are by no means standard. But if you don't know the lake and don't have a guide your thermometer will give you a lead; from there on its pretty much trial and error. Fish are where you find them and sometimes no system will find them. However, I've caught enough fish by going deep to convince me that the blame for poor hot-weather angling lies more with the fisherman than with the fish he is trying to outsmart. •



NECKTIE PARTY

Continued from page 11

the pin into the lump, and she kicked her leg out, arching her back. I drew the sharp point across the swelling, feeling the sullen tear of flesh in the darkness.

"Your mouth," she ordered. "Hurry!"

I clamped my teeth onto her leg. I drew on the skin, tasting the salty flow of blood, and a bitter, galling taste beneath that. I spit it all into the water, and then I drew again, hard. My fingers were pressed into her skin, squeezing the area around the bite. I kept drawing on the wound, spitting blood and venom.

"Pack it with mud," she said.

I did that, reaching into the water and scooping up the thick, clay mud from the bottom. Each time I stuck my hand into the water, I expected to feel a pair of strong jaws clamp shut on it. I packed the wound, and she lay back. She was breathing hard, and the mounds of her breasts rose and fell. Behind us, I could hear the hounds starting up again. That meant the posse was leaving the shack.

"We've got to get moving," I told her.

"Leave me here," she said. "I'll be fine."

"What'll your husband say when he finds you helped me escape?"

"I don't know." She paused.

"I'll carry you. You've got to come with me, anyway. I'll never find my way out of here alone."

She considered this for a long moment, and then said, "It's the least I can do after . . . after what you did for me."

I didn't wait for more. I scooped her up and said, "Which way?"

"Straight ahead. The wedge branches

about two hundred yards from here. One branch leads to the highway, and the other ends in a pool of quicksand. I've got a canoe hidden near the quicksand."

I started running, the girl light in my arms. I held her under the thighs, with my other arm around her back, the cup of her breast touching my wrist. I looked into the darkness and watched the moonlit cypresses, smelling the deep fragrance of her hair, feeling her body tremble under the thin sweater.

The wedge branched abruptly ahead.

"Which one?" I asked.

"On the left. Go slowly. The quicksand is about twenty yards from the fork."

I took the left fork, slowing down suddenly. I couldn't see a damned thing ahead, and I pitied any poor bastard who took this fork without a guide.

"There it is," she said.

I still couldn't see anything at first. And then the canoe appeared on the water, a slender red job tied to the roots of a big cypress.

"Careful," she said. I picked my way over roots and weeds, stopped on solid ground near the canoe. I put her down then, in the bow of the boat, untied the frayed hemp that held it to the cypress, and then climbed into the stern. I picked up a paddle and pushed off.

"Bear to the left," she said. "Away from the wedge. We'll cut around behind the shack and back to the edge of the swamp."

"Who owns that shack, anyway?" I asked.

"I do."

I paddled softly, dipping the flat end into the water, pulling it back gently.

"How's your leg?"

"Fine. I feel a little weak, but otherwise I'm fine."

I could hear the dogs over on our right now, mingled with the curses of men having trouble with the roots and the reeds and the promise of snake bites.

I paddled silently, beginning to think a little. There were a lot of knots in the string of events, and I tried to untangle them. But I couldn't. Not without help.

"Why do you need a shack in the swamp?" I asked.

She didn't answer for a few minutes. She was lying back against a small cushion in the bow, her long legs stretched.

"Well, it's not really my shack," she said. "I just come here sometimes."

"Whose is it?"

"Well, it doesn't really belong to anybody. It was built by an escaping slave a long, long time ago. I guess nobody ever took the trouble to take it down. It's—"

"Why do you use it?" I asked.

"I just come here sometimes."

Another question annoyed me, and I tried it, hoping I'd get better results. "This Jed character—the guy who was killed—what was he doing in your house?"

"He—he was just there."

"Was he a friend of your husband's?"

She hesitated again. "Yes. Yes, he was. That is, everybody liked Jed."

"You're a bad liar," I said.

"Wh . . . what do you mean?"

"Does the shack have any connection with Jed?"

"No." She said it sharply.

"Look," I said, "I'm not a traveling preacher. If you were playing with him, I don't give a damn. Is that clear?"

"All right," she said reluctantly. "Jed and I . . . we . . . we used the shack occasionally."

I thought of a good pun, but I squelched it. "What about hubby? Hangin' Mann. Did he know?"

"No. Yes. I—I don't know."

Something began rapping at the back of my mind. I tried to open the door hiding the answers, but I was still groping for the knob.

From the sound of the baying, the posse had reached the fork in the wedge. We were pretty far from there now. I tried to picture the sheriff, trying to remember what he'd looked like. I remembered a tall, thin man with a hooked nose and penetrating blue eyes. He'd had a thin, bloodless mouth, and a jaw with the strength of the trap on a gallows. He had listened to my story, but his eyes had been unreceptive. Hangin' Mann. Yeah, sure.

I said, "Why didn't you go to your husband with the story? What held you back?"

"Nothing."

"Baloney. You were afraid."

"No. No, why should I be afraid?"

She propped herself up on her elbows, the move stretching the sweater tight across her breasts.

"You were afraid because you thought he did it! And you didn't know what he might do next."

I let this penetrate for a few minutes. The picture was clear enough. Mann had a reputation for being a real tough cookie. He'd probably stumbled into Jed in his own home, waiting for Doris to get there. Jed had probably turned green when the sheriff popped in. After that, it was the old story. The sheriff realized he'd been made a cuckold, and he proceeded to bash Jed's brains out. He'd probably run like blazes when he realized what he'd done. Doris had come to keep the rendezvous, found her lover boy dead, and decided she'd better make tracks, too. In the meantime, Mann had cooled off a little, enough to realize a dead body in his own home might not look good to the local yokels. He'd hauled the body to the highway, and then hightailed it back to town, figuring it'd probably be chalked up as a hit and run case when it was found. I'd stumbled right into it, but Mann had to play the game or show his own hand—so I became the sucker.

"Well?" I asked.

She'd been thinking all this time. She turned her head away from me, lowering her eyes. "Yes," she said softly. "I think my husband killed him. That's why . . . why I wanted to help you. I can't see an innocent man. . . ." She broke off, then leaned forward suddenly. "He'd hang you. He'd hang you without stopping to think about it. You're made to order, don't you see? You'll pay for his crime!"

"And that's why you helped me," I said. "Yes."

That figured, too. Balm for the conscience. It was bad enough she'd been playing around behind hubby's back. It was worse that Jed had lost his life because of that. But she'd really fry in Hell

if an innocent jerk like me had to pay for it.

"Okay," I said, "I'm satisfied."

She smiled a little, her face pathetically grateful in the moonlight.

"Now all we have to worry about is your husband."

I thought of what would happen if he caught either of us, and the prospect wasn't entirely a happy one. I was considering the idea of taking her with me when I heard the sound of the engine on the water.

"Hey!" I whispered.

I stopped paddling, and we both listened. The hum was coming from ahead of us, and I could make out the flicker of a high-powered searchlight weaving its way through the trees ahead.

"The launch!" she said.

The sweat broke out on my forehead again. I felt like heading back to the quicksand pool and jumping in. That would be the simplest way. I kept remembering that I wasn't dealing with a simple sheriff out after his man. I was dealing with a murderer who was looking for a patsy.

"Is the shack near here?" I asked.

"Why?"

"If he's got a launch, we'll be safer off the water. We can forget about getting back to town for the time being."

She nodded, then hesitated while she looked around to get her bearings. "Yes, that way," she said.

I nodded briefly, and started paddling in the direction she'd indicated. Something was troubling me, but I couldn't figure it for the life of me. I only knew that Hangin' Mann would probably turn into a shootin' man as soon as he spotted us. I thought of a .45 slug holding my tie in place. It was fashionable as hell, but I wasn't wearing a tie.

The tarpaper shack appeared as suddenly as it had the first time. I paddled

the canoe over to it, shaking weeds and brambles from the paddle. I hopped ashore, my eyes covering the ground for snakes. Then I looped the line over a jutting rock and pulled the canoe closer to land. Doris tried to stand, her leg buckling under her. I reached down, lifting her. She put her head close to my neck, and her lips brushed against my skin like a gentle whisper. I thought of the bundle of woman I held in my arms, and then I thought of Mann. Oddly, I began to feel a little sorry for him—until I remembered the shotgun he was probably carrying.

I ran toward the shack, dropping Doris on the neatly made cot in one corner.

"There's a gun," she said.

"What? Why didn't you say so before?"

"In the dresser. The top drawer."

We'd lost the dogs, but the sound of the approaching launch was every bit as terrifying. I fumbled around in the darkness, moving silk undergarments, bed clothes, a pair of men's pajamas. I found the gun then. A .38 with the moisture of the swamp clinging to the blue-black metal.

"Is it loaded?"

"Yes," she said.

The motor launch idled up to the shore, and the searchlight thrust a poking beam of light through the window. I ducked down instinctively, and Doris huddled against the wall of the shack, her legs pulled up under her on the cot. I shoved a chair against the door, and I crouched down behind the dresser, the .38 cocked in my fist. I heard a voice outside, cursing softly, and then the engine died and the light went out.

Silence closed in on the swamp.

"All right!" a voice yelled. "Come on out of there!"

Doris screamed, and the sound sent a locomotive racing up my back.

"Steve!" she yelled. "Steve, help! I'm



in here all alone with this fellow!"

For a second, it didn't register. My mouth dropped open. And then I realized that Hangin' Mann's real name was probably Steve.

I turned to face her, and she was still lolling on the cot, easy as could be, a small smile on her face.

"Are you nuts?" I whispered.

"Steve!" she screamed again. "Help!"

I turned the .38 toward the door and pulled the trigger, hoping to discourage any sudden rush. The gun I held in my hand couldn't have discouraged a fruit fly. The hammer clicked—empty.

And then the door opened, the chair edging back slowly, and Steve Mann stood there, a carbine in his hands.

"Steve," Doris said, "thank God!"

She started to scramble off the cot, her skirt pulled back over her knees, her long legs flashing in the dim light.

"Stay where you are, Doris," Mann said. His voice was oddly calm, and he held the rifle steady.

"Steve, I was resting here when he burst in. He forced me to go with him. Steve. He's the one who ran over Jed. He broke jail and—"

"Resting?" Mann asked. "Here?"

"Yes," Doris said quickly. "Because it's so quiet here. I came here because—"

"I know all about it, Doris."

"Then you know he forced me to. . . ."

"I've known all about everything for a long time now."

"Steve, you don't realize how terrible it's—" She stopped short, finally understanding what he'd said. I stood there, watching, feeling left out of the thing completely, feeling unnecessary.

"You . . . you know all about what?"

"Jed. You and Jed. You and him using this old shack. And the times up at the house. I've known all along, Doris."

"Steve, you're—Steve, listen to me."

"I went out to check on this fellow's story, Doris. I checked the tire tracks. He was telling the truth. He stopped a good two feet from where we found Jed. On the way back to the jail I stopped at our place, Doris. I found the dress you were wearing this evening. The stove took care of most of it, but there were still a few scraps smoldering."

"No, Steve, you're wrong. I—"

"They were covered with blood, Doris." He paused. "I guess I knew who'd killed Jed right then. I headed back for the jail, and when I got there, this fellow was gone. Ain't one person but me who knows where I keep the extra keys, Doris, so I knew you'd helped him escape. I figured you'd head for the swamp." He paused again and took a deep breath. "Why'd you kill Jed, Doris?"

I watched her face crumble, and I watched Mann stand there, immovable.

Doris buried her face in her hands and said, "You knew about me and Jed. . . ."

"Yes," Mann said softly. "I thought. . . I thought it would end."

She began laughing, a wild hysterical laugh. "He was going to leave me. For a slut, Steve . . . a whore! I—I hit him . . . with the poker. . . I had to kill him, I had to, Steve! You can understand?"

"No," Mann said softly. "Sometimes you *have* to kill a person. But you had no call to kill Jed. None at all."

Doris was sobbing now, shaking her head, trying to understand why all this had happened to her. It was clear to me now, of course. She'd hauled Jed to the highway, hoping he'd be chalked up as an accident, hoping some car would run him over. When I stopped short of that, she'd realized anyone with eyes would know I hadn't done it. So she helped me break jail, figuring they'd accept my escape as a sure-fire admission of guilt. She was helping me, all right.

"Come on," Mann said gently. He held the rifle on her as she limped past him out of the shack. He turned to me, then, and I saw emotion in his eyes for the first time—a deep, pained expression.

"I'm sorry if we inconvenienced you," he said. "These . . . these mistakes. . . ."

His voice broke, and we left the shack. I didn't stay for the execution. *One* look in a man's soul had been enough. ●



THE LADY HAD A PAST

Continued from page 41

"Hey Dude," he said. "Where'd you drop from?"

"London," said my Grandpap, "in England."

Hug laughed out loud and said, "I bet a big city dude like you's gonna get lonesome in a little town like this." Hug was full of Old Whittler and just spoiling for a fight.

"Well now, you may be right," said the newcomer like he was giving it considerable thought. "This isn't much of a town, but I'm going to buy a ranch here."

"What's the matter with Emblem Creek, Dude?" asked Hug moving down the bar and everybody giving him room.

"Well," said Grandpap seriously, "your town's dirty and full of ignorant people—at least, that's as much as I can see in the ten minutes I've been here."

That's when Hug jumped at him in true, old-fashioned style. By that I mean both heels coming first and both spurs flashing. But Grandpap just stepped aside and Hug landed on his saddle patch on the floor—and hard. The whole bar shook and Hug jumped up with a chair in one hand. He swung it up over his head and brought it down on the place where Grandpap had been standing, but Grandpap wasn't standing there any more. He'd moved calmly out into the center of the room and was handing his coat and stovepipe hat to a cowboy. "Now then," says

Grandpap. He raised both fists and squinted at Hug through his pinch-nose glasses. "En garde."

Hug let out a fearsome bellow and came for Grandpap with a swing that would've killed a Comanche. Some people tell about how they shut their eyes and just heard Hug's fist wallop against Grandpap's jaw and others say they kept their eyes open and watched. But the next thing any of them knew Hug was hopping around on one foot and then the other holding his fist in his hand. He didn't keep hopping long because Grandpap stepped forward and belted him so hard that he smashed into the pianola across the room and knocked off the lid.

Hug lay there blinking for a moment or two and Grandpap stood looking at him. Then Hug opened his eyes wide and reached for his gun. Grandpap coughed nervously and backed up, but before he knew which way to turn Hug had the barrel raised up.

The bar door swung open and Grandpap heard someone sing out, "Hug! Drop that gun!"

Hug sat up straight and looked mad. "Get out of this bar, Martha."

"You put up that gun or I'll take it from you," this beautiful voice said so sweet and clear, "and come outside. I want to talk to you and ladies don't talk in barrooms." Then Grandpap turned

around and saw her standing there.

She wasn't any ordinary woman. She was slim and proud looking, all dressed in black. She had bronze-colored hair and flashing eyes and she held herself so that you *knew* she was quality. "And as for you," she said to Grandpap. "You ought to be *ashamed*. What's your name?"

"Roderick Cadwallader, M'am."

"Roderick," she said distastefully. "That's no name for a man. You ought to be ashamed, Roderick Cadwallader. Hug, you come with me." Then the bar doors were swinging idly where she'd been standing and Grandpap thought he'd been fetched addled because he could never remember seeing a woman as beautiful as that anywhere.

Hug picked up his hat and stopped in front of my grandpap. "You watch out, Dude," he said fiercely, "you'd better guard your burrow." Then he followed the woman through the swinging doors.

Grandpap took his coat back and put on his hat. He went over to the bar and pulled out a big roll of dollars. "Who was that woman?" he asked.

The bartender grinned. "That's the Widow, Mister," he said, "say, you can fight pretty good."

"Boxed some in England," said Grandpap. "It's scientific," he laid down his money. "The extra dollar's for the pianola. What did you say her name was?"

The Widow looked up at him with a funny smile on the edges of her mouth. "It's a hot day for apology riding, Roderick Cadwallader," she said. "Come in."

She led him to the parlor and an Indian girl brought some lemonade. Grandpap pulled out his little hanky and wiped

his brow. "Obliged," he said politely.

The Widow looked at him and let the corners of her mouth go as they pleased and they smiled at him. "What are you doing out here, Roderick Cadwallader?"

"I'm going to buy a ranch," he replied, taking a glass of lemonade. "I got tired of England, you might say, and felt the lure. I saw Emblem Creek on the map and fancied the name. I see you still wear your weeds of mourning. My sympathies."

She smiled again. "You're a funny man. Have you ever shot a gun?"

Grandpap shook his head.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," she replied, "unless the earth is faster on the draw. Knocking Hug bowlegged in the bar was not a peace-loving gesture."

Grandpap smiled. "A harmless game. I boxed in England. Strictly scientific. A relative of yours?"

"My dead husband's brother."

"A bit of a roughneck," said Grandpap, "if I may take the liberty."

"The Rawleys are all mean men, Roderick Cadwallader," she said, "I married mine when I was fifteen. I should've known better."

"Is he lately deceased?"

"The cholera," she said too quickly.

Now Grandpap was a smart man for all his mule fooling and he saw that the Widow was in no mood to take more conversation about her bereavement. He changed the subject. "Might I approach you on selling a bit of land?" he asked.

"Have you cash?" she replied steadily.

Grandpap smiled and took an envelope from his breast pocket. The Widow didn't bat a lid when he laid a thousand dollars on the table before her. "Take a thousand in the valley," she said gathering up the money.

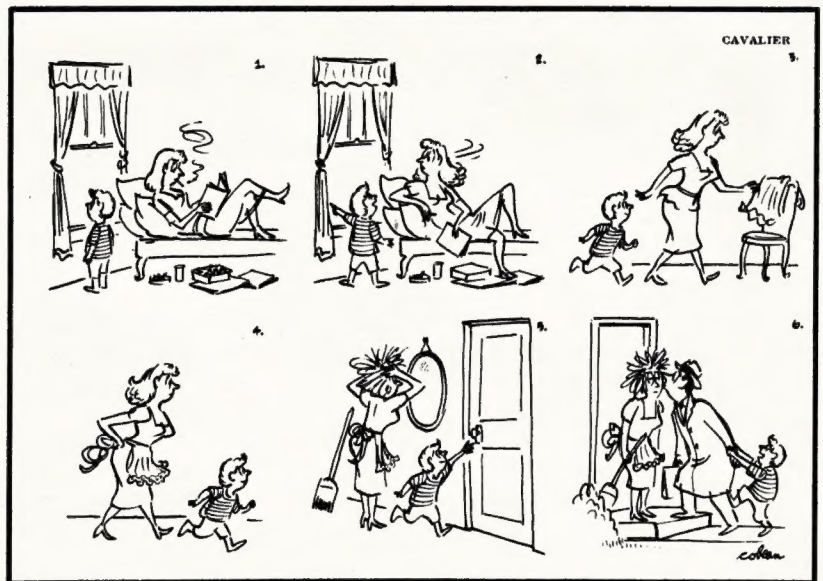
Roderick Cadwallader stood up and bowed. "I hope I may call again when your mourning is over," he said.

The Widow rose and faced him and something jumped like a spark between them for she liked the Englishman with all his crazy manners. "I am at home," she said, taking his eyes in hand with hers, "and would admire seeing your upper lip and eyelids." Then she smiled at him in amusement and left the room.

Grandpap smiled too for he was a smart man like I've said. On the way home he plucked off his pinch-nose glasses and threw them in a gully and that night he shaved his mustache.

Roderick Cadwallader had to sweat for his ranch even if he did have money. He had to lick a couple more men before he was through and he had to pound fence posts for many a weary mile. He had to ride up and down the gullies and stand in the steaming sun to count his calves. But all through the seasons, in the sun, the rains and snow, his ranch grew and got finer and finer. Grandpap never built a house, though, and the reason was simple. He was waiting to see what he'd have to put in one. Every evening when the work was done, he'd ride the long miles up to the ranch and visit the Widow.

Sometimes they'd ride together or drive in her buckboard and other times they'd just sit on the veranda and watch the sun roll under the mesas, the evening



grow cool and silvery and the moon dip up from behind the eastern line. Grandpap would hear the coyotes yowl and listen to the rushing of the creek below and bit by bit he understood that he was in love with the Widow. "Martha," he said one night as they walked up the gravel slope in the moonlight, "I'd be honored if you would give me your hand."

The Widow looked up at him and her eyes were bright. "I don't understand."

Grandpap stopped and frowned at her. "In the vernacular of your upbringing, my dear, will you marry me?"

The Widow smiled at his words, but their meaning made her thoughtful and sad. "I think you're the best man I've ever known, Roderick," she said softly, "but I cannot marry you now."

"My intentions—"

She laid her hand upon his arm and raised her eyes to his. In the moonlight Grandpap could see tears brimming in the pools of grey. "Believe me, my heart's desire is to accept you. But not now. Someone—something stands between us."

He nodded slightly. "Hug Rawley."

The Widow smiled sadly. "Good night, Roderick."

Grandpap rode into town, puzzling it to himself. He pondered as he lay in his bed at the hotel and turned the problem in his mind as he rode his fence lines the next day.

The reason *must* be Hug, thought Grandpap, and then he pondered on Hug a bit. Grandpap knew well that the big, bearded cowboy hated him. He saw Hug striding in the streets, he felt Hug's mean eyes boring into his back when he stood at the bar for his nightly drink. Some evenings, when riding to the Widow's, Grandpap had seen Hug's silhouette passing on the ridge above. Hug's head would be bowed upon his breast and he seemed to be thinking as he rode.

Sometimes they spoke. Sometimes, during the roaring spring rains when the calves were all gone, the men would hole up in the bar for days getting moody, mean drunk. Hug had baited Grandpap once or twice. Not fist-baiting, but gun-

baiting because Hug knew that Grandpap wouldn't carry iron and would walk wide before he'd be provoked to use it.

But Grandpap found no answers for all his pondering and so he decided to go look for them.

One evening he didn't ride to the Widow's, but leaned against the bar and listened to the men talk. After a little bit, Grandpap got into conversation with an old cowpoke named Ormev.

"Tell me," said Grandpap, "you ever worked for the Widow's outfit?"

Ormev scratched his whiskers and looked Grandpap up and down. "In old Jake's day," he said thoughtfully.

"Mean man—Jake?" asked Grandpap.

"Mighty mean man," said Ormev. "Carried on somethin' fierce. Tough on the Widder, too."

Grandpap picked up the whiskey bottle and moved to a table. Ormev followed, drooling a bit.

"Like how?" asked Grandpap.

Ormev dumped down a shot and wiped his whiskers. "Place belonged to her, y'know. Jake married her after her pappy got put in the ground. Some say Jake killed the old man."

"Now don't people talk?" murmured Grandpap, filling Ormev's glass.

"More likely as not," said Ormev. "then Jake got put in the ground, too."

"The cholera," said my grandpap.

Ormev winked. "The cholera. Had it myself."

"Didn't kill you," said Grandpap.

"Don't kill many," answered Ormev.

After that talk, my grandpap rode harder than ever and worked long hours in the broiling sun. And as he did, he thought mightily and finally he rode to the Widow's again in the coolest evening that August brought. About a mile below her house his horse threw a shoe and so Grandpap left him there and went on by foot.

Dusk was seeping down over the land and coyotes howled on the mesa. In the dry washes and ox-bow bends the cattle bedded for the night. The wind rustled

in the larkspur and the moon had saddled his mare. As Grandpap hiked up the hill, he was glad to be alive and so far away from London town. As he smelled the sweet evening breeze and the flower scent that rode it, he fairly ached he loved the Widow so much.

He got to the top of the hill and saw that there were lanterns lit in the Widow's parlor and Hug's horse was tied to the porch rail. Now my grandpap was not a sneaking man, but a lot of facts and ideas had been whirling 'round inside his head and making his ear-butts throb. Little by little he'd begun to see, but now he had to hear some, too.

He skirted the house and stepped up close to the parlor window. Hug's horse snickered in the sweet evening and the crickets talked in the Henry grass. "You're holdin'," said Hug's voice, "you can't hold forever, Martha."

"And you can't bluff forever," her voice replied, steady and brave.

"I'd get the ranch anyhow if they ever found you out," said Hug smoothly. "But I'm willin' to marry you, Martha."

"That's big talk, Hug," she said scornfully. "but you've no proof."

"I got a shovel," said Hug, "and arms for digging."

"Get off my ranch," she said, "get off!"

"This is your last summer," Hug told her. "I'm tired of waitin'. I'm tired of seein' that Englishman hangin' around here and you disgracin' Jake's memory."

"That's my affair," said the Widow briskly. "Now clear!"

Then Hug's voice was as bitter as a rattler's hiss. "I'll kill that Englishman first chance I get."

"You can't take a licking, can you?"

"He beat me fair with fists," said Hug. "Now see can he beat me with iron." Then Hug's footsteps clumped through the house and crunched on the gravel and he rode away in the dark.

Grandpap stood on the lawn for a long time. He knew what he had to do and he didn't want to. But finally he turned away from the house and went down to the Widow's barn. He groped around until he found a shovel and a lantern.

The crickets were loud in the Henry grass and the wind was talking to the poplar trees when he passed down between the twin rocks to the meadow where the Widow's people were laid. He put his shovel down against a rock and took his lantern in among the graves. He found several there; a little nipper who'd never lived to see his first sunrise and an old man who'd stayed long enough to see his last. Finally he found it—a stone marked "JAKE RAWLEY—He Was A Good Man."

"We'll see about that," said Grandpap.

The shovel mushed in the soft dirt and somewhere off into the darkness an owl told another owl that it was getting on and the crickets sang all around. Grandpap was knee deep by now and the lantern was flickering on a mound of soft dirt that kept building up. Pretty soon the shovel hit something that went *whomp!* All hollow and scary. Grandpap got down on his knees and scraped the dirt off the coffin.

The little beads of perspiration were standing out on his forehead now even if the night was cool. He didn't fancy his job because he didn't want any more truck with dead people than the next man. But he was determined to find out and so he went scraping away until the smooth lid of the coffin was bare. Then Grandpap stepped aside and dug his heels into the dirt. He got out his clasp knife and slipped it under the coffin lid. She came away slow and easy with a fear-some creaking sound.

He picked up the skull and turned it over. He found the small hole at the base just where he expected he would. The hole was clean. Someone had shot a .45 steady and true. Grandpap felt his knees go all watery and the touch of the bone was cold to his hand. He laid the skull back in the grave and was putting on the lid of the coffin when a voice spoke out of the black night around him. "Are you satisfied, Roderick Cadwallader?"

Grandpap's hands let go the lid which banged against the side of the grave.

The Widow's voice cut like a driver's whip. "You had to go meddlin'," she said, "and now you know."

"I knew Hug was holding something over you," said Grandpap.

"I told you Jake died of the cholera," replied the Widow bitterly. "A gentleman believes a lady's lies."

"Hug knows it's not a lie," said Grandpap. "and to fight him even I had to know as much as he did."

"What can you do to Hug?" she demanded. "Box him again?"

Before Grandpap could answer, another face appeared above the grave. "Next time you go robbin' my kinfolks' graves," said Hug slow and grim, "don't leave your horse tethered in the road. Now tell the lady what you'll do to Hug."

Grandpap looked him square in the eye although he was afraid. "Anything you say," he replied.

"I'll be in town at sunup," said Hug. "I'll have a line drawn in front of the hotel. Come in wearin' a gun and step over that line."

Grandpap nodded. "The one that wins gets her," he nodded toward the Widow, "and the man in this grave." Then he began to shovel the dirt back on top of old Jake Rawley.

Grey mist was swirling between the old wooden buildings of Emblem Creek when my grandpap rode in on his sorrel horse. At that time before dawn the whole world seemed to be all purple and glittering with the dew on the grass beside the road. Grandpap wore Ormeys' revolver and holster. He hadn't even tried pulling the gun out fast because he knew that he'd have to practice as many years as he'd been alive to have a chance.

The town was very quiet. All Grandpap could hear was the clomp-clomp of his horse's hoofs; there was no other sound. As he dismounted and tethered before the hardware store, a rooster crowed somewhere and at that moment a sliver of golden light pierced down the empty street. Grandpap stood breathing the clear, cool air and pondering to himself. He couldn't run away and he wouldn't.

The sound of footsteps on the board sidewalk disturbed him and he looked up to see Hug coming down the hotel stairs. He walked leisurely into the middle of the street and then slouched and looked at Grandpap. "All right, Dude," he called, his voice echoing in the stillness. "There's the line."

Hug drew a wavering line with his boot tip and backed away.

Grandpap shifted his gunbelt and wished he were fighting with his fists. Then he started walking toward Hug.

Hug stood still, looking at him. A cigarette butt was smouldering in one hand.

Grandpap walked on. He was thinking about all the things he'd seen and done—about sunrise over London town and how prettily the Widow's eyes were.

Then he looked down and saw the line before him, coming closer with each step.

Hug dropped his cigarette butt and ground it into the dust with his heel. He raised his dark eyes and looked at Grandpap. Both of Hug's hands spread open and came up to hang just above his belt line.

Grandpap met Hug's eyes; they were all he could see except for the grey mist swirling beyond Hug's shoulder. Then Grandpap stepped over the line.

The guns roared and fire spat out into the street; a cloud of acrid smoke filled Grandpap's eyes. A voice screamed in pain and the street came up and hit Grandpap hard. He rolled over, clawing at his gun with his left hand.

When he opened his eyes and sat up, he suddenly realized he wasn't hurt.

Hug Rawley was crumpled up in the street. His gun lay six feet from his outstretched hand and there was a bullet flush between his eyes.

Between the hotel and the hardware store the Widow of Emblem Creek stood with a smoking iron in her hand. "I shot some as a child," she said calmly. "It's scientific. You'd better come home to breakfast."

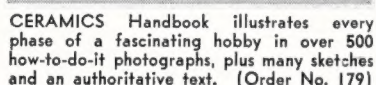
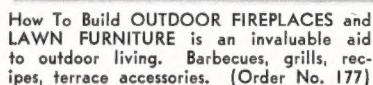
And that was how my grandpap, called Roderick Cadwallader, learned to believe a lady's lies. Of course he never had any choice after that because he married the Widow a month later.

One evening she told him about how Jake Rawley had killed her father by shooting his horse down in a draw and after that they never discussed the matter again. Of course she told my grandpap what she had done when Jake got drunk and bragged to her about the killing.

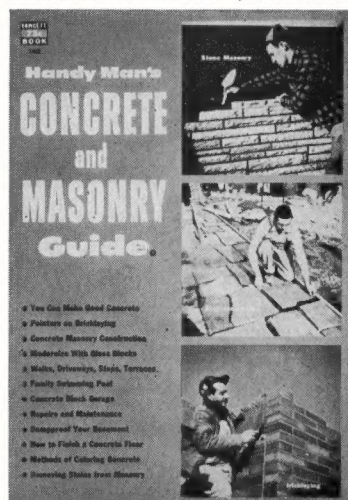
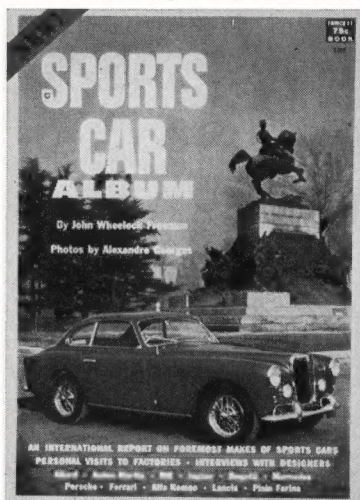
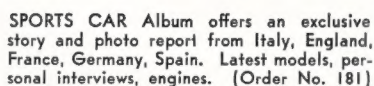
As far as I know they only had one argument in all their lives. Grandpap wanted to teach me to box one summer but Grandmaw wouldn't let him. She said boxing was vulgar. When Grandpap put up an objection, my grandmaw took down her daddy's old pistol and shot some skeetery-lizards off the fence posts in the barnyard.

Grandpap was silent for a long time after she'd finished and then he turned to me and said, "She learned it as a girl. She claims it's scientific."

But I was just a little shaver at the time and didn't know what he was getting at. •



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